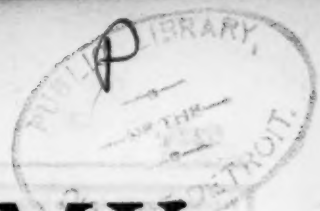


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REVIEW OF THE WEEK

It seems reasonable to hope, now that the Moroccan crisis is safely past, that relations between this country and Germany may take the amicable character for which we have consistently pleaded in these columns. It is regrettable that two mighty Empires "who all the time have such enormous common interests, who all the time have no natural cause of quarrel," as Mr. Churchill sensibly put it in his speech at the Guildhall, should ever approach the verge of a serious misunderstanding; it is almost incredible that they should ever be so blind to their mutual needs and sympathetic interests as to entertain the idea of a possible war. The *bêtise* of the Crown Prince may be ascribed to a youthful indiscretion; it has been suitably reprimanded, and the papers which seek to make a case against England from such futile attitudinising may be disregarded.

That we should wish to be supreme in naval matters need give Germany no cause for alarm; as an island kingdom we have more at stake; upon that supremacy stand "not the Empire only, not merely the great commercial prosperity of our people, not merely the fine place in the world's affairs, but our lives and the freedom we have guarded for nearly a thousand years." We recommend the Press of each

country to a level-headed and moderate view of the question, since it is by means of the Press that the people, at the present day, are so tremendously influenced. A sane and well-considered leading article has too much weight and is too widely quoted to be lightly undertaken, and we hope to see in the near future a recognised reciprocity of interest between the two Powers which may engage in friendly rivalry as to commercial affairs with the utmost advantage, but which, as enemies, might cause the misery of a continent.

Civilisation, it seems to the new Dean of St. Paul's, is "sitting pensively in the midst of her vast accumulations," and everything is wrong with the planet known as Earth; in fact, the recent speech of "the gloomy Dean" to the Women's Diocesan Association is one of the most depressing orations we remember reading for a very long time. The "great industrial fabric of the nineteenth century" is tottering. "Signs of exhaustion" are everywhere apparent. It is impossible to pick out three great men worthy of comparison with the thirty or more famous Victorians. The physique of the labouring classes is ruined; a "progressive degeneration of the physical, mental and moral character of the people" is in full swing. Our coal supply is being used up with criminal recklessness. The transfer of industry, wealth and power to the countries of Eastern Asia is merely a matter of a few years. There is no prospect for the working classes but emigration or starvation. Thus runs the *credo* of the jovial Dean, and we are left wondering why he did not betake himself to a less weariful world long ago. But perhaps it was only the result of a rather severe attack of indigestion.

One of the most delightful incidents recently took place in Los Angeles illustrative of the difficulties which may embarrass those who wish the feminine element more to the front in matters of government. A jury of women, endeavouring to decide whether the speed-limit had been exceeded by the rider of a motor-cycle, tried three times to arrive at an agreement, but in vain; and upon a matter scarcely less serious—the restaurant where they should lunch—they were still unable to decide, so that at last the bailiff had to choose a place for them "as several jurors were anxious to go shopping." Imagine the state of the Law Courts thus administered, with a dozen good women and true preoccupied by thoughts of Blank's sale and Dash's bargains; picture the resultant confusion if the lawyer for the defence happened to wear a new and particularly effective hat. Justice, aghast, would take her flight, and the prisoners might have cause for lamentation what time the envious jury sought Regent Street in a body to discover head-gear to match or to excel. So far, we have not reached that stage; we may be content with a lady-doctor or two, without being anxious to see a dozen startling toilettes in the seats of the ordinarily somewhat dingy jury.

Our London readers may be interested to note that on Sunday evening next, at Claridge's Hotel, Mr. Frank Harris will lecture on "Shakespeare and his Love." Tickets are five shillings each, and the lecture will begin at 9.30.

BLUE AND SILVER

The moon rose up
In a dove-grey sky,
The milky moon
Went sailing by.

The dove-grey deepened
Into blue,
The moon turned silver,
The stars looked thro'.

Looked thro' the sky,
As blown to flame
By the gusty wind
That went and came.

Till the sea, unseen
In the gathering night,
Flashed thro' the hills
In caps of white.

What tho' the same
Had happened before?
I knelt to Beauty,
And shut my door.

JOSEPH CAMPBELL.

Dublin.

FORSAKEN

The word is said, and I no more shall know
Aught of the changing story of her days,
Nor any treasure that her lips bestow.

And I, who loving her was wont to praise
All things in love, now reft of music go
With silent step down unfrequented ways.

My soul is like a lonely market place
Where late were laughing folk and shining steeds,
And many things of comeliness and grace;

And now between the stones are twisting weeds,
No sound there is, nor any friendly face,
Save for a bedesman telling o'er his beads.

JOHN DRINKWATER.

THE OLD ORDER AND THE NEW

THE personal features of the recent change in the Unionist Leadership have been very fully and we think—on the whole—very fairly discussed in daily and in some weekly journals. In all crises the man who especially responds to the needs of the situation must be sought for, and it is a fortunate circumstance if he can be found. The position of Leader of the Opposition in our party system is one of national importance. In Foreign Affairs its influence was observed in the solidarity between the Front Benches at the most acute stage of the Moroccan danger. In domestic affairs its importance was perceived at the time when the recent

unconstitutional action against the prerogatives of the Upper House was permitted to be successful.

We believe that, from a Party point of view, the change in the Unionist Leadership is of good augury for the initiation of a clear, spirited and determined presentment to the people of the vital issues of the present and of the immediate future.

The personal aspect and the Party aspect, intensely interesting as they are, will gradually become manifest. That which is perhaps more interesting to certain minds at the moment is to glance at the evolution of tendencies which render a political leader equipped with Parliamentary skill, eminence in debate, graceful and critical eloquence, as well as the highest attributes of character and integrity, little desirable as leader of a party in certain junctures.

In the seventies a leader such as we have described would easily have been pre-eminent; but times have changed. The elegances, the graces and the amenities of debate are gradually disappearing under the stress of strenuous conflict on essential principles, conducted by an assembly of men of various classes, various manners and various attainments. The struggle for daily existence and the increasing importance of business considerations introduce topics and a style neither of which appeals to the intellect or the taste of men of fastidious refinement.

Facts must be realised, and action founded on them. Contributors to much of the daily press would never have enjoyed the patronage of Mæcenas; the oratory of Parliament is little reminiscent of the periods of Ciceronian eloquence. Virgil could write with perfect purity of style on gardening, Cicero on government, Tacitus, Thucydides, Sallust and Livy on History, Horace on the Art of Poetry, Lucretius on Materialism. These and other masters of style made their impress on the age which they adorned, and on many succeeding ages. It is true that Horace and Juvenal whipped the vulgar vices of the days in which they lived; but although coarseness and vulgarity were prevalent, unexampled art, eloquence, philosophy and literature lent an atmosphere of graciousness which largely obscured the baser elements destined to be subdued in the struggle for mastery.

It is obvious that in these days the influences at which we have glanced are weakening, and that we must come to realise the fact that we are emancipating ourselves from them. It is unprofitable to consume time in lament. Literature happily still furnishes gems which compare not unfavourably with those of bygone ages; the spoken word is adapting itself to the manners and the conditions of contemporary realities. We wish that we could think that the leading speakers of the day would endeavour—so far as in them lies—to preserve the amenities of debate, and above all to realise that their mission is to lead, and not to mislead.

In these days when a largely uninstructed electorate decides issues which might well baffle the keenest and most brilliant intellects in the realm of statesmanship, the only path of safety is that leading men should realise to the full their responsibility, and consent to lose a trick if it can only be gained by the sacrifice of principle and honour.

CECIL COWPER.

LETTERS FROM THE WAR—II.

By E. ASHMEAD-BARTLETT

AT TRIPOLI

THE Arab can always be relied upon to bring about the most remarkable surprises in war, and he has surpassed himself during the past week or two. Just as we were beginning to think that the Turkish Army had retired to the Gebel Mountains, and that the Arabs had no intention whatsoever of risking their lives on behalf of either side, the storm burst upon us with a suddenness and a fury almost without a parallel in native warfare. Let us freely admit that we were all surprised, and that the very last thing we expected was a Turkish attack on the town together with an Arab uprising to assist this attack from the inside.

The task of the Italians at Tripoli has been a very difficult one from the beginning on account of the nature of the ground which they are obliged to hold. Tripoli itself is built on a small peninsula running into the sea; therefore at first sight one would suppose that the task of the troops would be simple, and that by holding the neck of the peninsula they could render the town quite secure from attack. But this is not the case, for the following reasons. The actual peninsula is far too small to contain a large army as well as the civil population; and the main water supply of the town is situated on the edge of the desert about two miles away. Between the town and the desert, stretching from sea-shore to sea-shore in a semi-circle round the peninsula, is the oasis, which consists of a dense mass of gardens and orchards, varying in depth from two to five miles and having a circumference of nearly twelve miles. The houses in the oasis are owned by the more wealthy inhabitants of Tripoli, who dwell there in the summer months; and the smaller dwellings are occupied by the Arabs, who are said to number from five to seven thousand. The oasis is very dense; each house is surrounded by mud walls, as are the orchards—in which are grown a plentiful supply of dates, olives, and oranges.

Several main roads traverse the oasis to the outskirts of the desert, and from these radiate in all directions little bypaths, tracks which lead nowhere; if you are a stranger to the district and wander from these main roads you are soon hopelessly lost. Therefore the Italians had to occupy the edge of the oasis facing the desert, protecting the water supply of the town at Boumiliana. But the weakness of the position lay in the fact that should an enemy pierce their outer line and enter the oasis behind them the Italians would have a foe in their rear, thus completely cutting them off from their supplies and ammunition in the town; at the same time they might be called upon to resist an attack from the desert, and would therefore be placed between two fires. The last act of the Turks before evacuating Tripoli was to distribute all the spare rifles in the town to the Arab population of Tripoli itself and the oasis. Fifteen thousand rifles were received from the *Derna*, the last transport to enter Tripoli from Constantinople prior to the declaration of war. When the Italians entered and took possession, they issued a proclamation offering ten francs apiece for these rifles to all who surrendered them, under the penalty of confiscating all which were not given up before a fixed date. It is said that

about three thousand were thus obtained, but the majority were hidden away by the natives, to be brought forth at a suitable opportunity. To all outward appearances the Arabs of Tripoli were perfectly peaceful and reconciled to their change of government.

The dwellers in the oasis were allowed to pass in and out of the town in perfect freedom, and carried on a lively trade in dates, olives, oranges, lemons, tobacco, &c., with the troops; at the same time the intelligence department reported that the Turkish Army, in a hopeless state of demoralisation, and lacking supplies, had retired across the desert to the Gebel Mountains, not far from the Tunisian frontier. Thus the Italians were lulled into a false security. So peaceful did the situation seem, that only one division and the Bersaglieri were landed at Tripoli instead of an entire Army Corps, and the Second Division, which was first intended for the same destination, was dispatched to Bengasi; at the same time their lines were not only extended to the edge of the desert, but were pushed out further every day until they were holding an *enceinte* round the oasis and town nearly seven miles in extent with about ten thousand infantry, one regiment of cavalry, and a great number of guns, both field and mountain.

The weakness of the position lay in the fact that it was not possible to hold this immense front by seizing certain salient points, entrenching them strongly, and enfilading the remainder of the line with a cross-fire. So dense is the oasis that it was necessary to dig a complete line of entrenchments, and to man these night and day, for if any weak spots were left it was easy for a foe like the Arabs to creep in between the posts, obtain the shelter of the gardens and orchards of the oasis, and thus occupy ideal positions immediately in rear of the lines of circumvallation. Thus Tripoli was held from the date of its occupation to October 23rd by a thin line of infantry and guns stretching for nearly seven miles without any supports of any sort except a regiment of cavalry, which was practically useless as such on account of the nature of the country, but which did invaluable service on foot at a critical moment of the attack.

No one anticipated any danger from this vast extension of the lines, and the talk among the troops was of a speedy expedition into the desert to bring the Turks to action, and end the campaign with a thunderclap. Nevertheless every precaution was taken to guard against any sudden surprise. Day and night the trenches were held by the watchful soldiers; the work thrown upon them was enormous. Many companies were obliged to remain three successive nights on duty in the trenches without relief; almost every night there were surprises and alarms caused by small bodies of Arabs creeping up and firing into the trenches. Thus the men obtained hardly any rest, and it was a relief to them when day broke and the tension could be somewhat relaxed. But during the day large parties had to go back into the town to bring up supplies, water, and ammunition as fast as they could be landed from the ships, and the work of feeding the troops was arduous in the extreme. As the days passed the Italians became bolder. They abandoned their inner lines close to the oasis and commenced to build others further out in the desert, which were occupied during the day and abandoned at night. This is always a dangerous policy, for these abandoned lines provide excellent cover for a foe creeping

up in the dark, enabling him to find perfect shelter within a few hundred yards of his point of attack. As the days passed, however, and no foe appeared, the Italians began to make excursions into the desert towards the west; these parties were unmolested and reported the countryside to be quite deserted.

Towards the east the oasis is at its thickest, and a great part of this had never been occupied or even reconnoitred by the Italians. It stretches for fully five miles; then comes some fairly open country, succeeded by a series of smaller oases, which stretch to about 12 kilometres from the town. During the whole of this period the Arabs were allowed free egress and ingress beyond the outpost line, ostensibly for the purpose of grazing their herds of goats and collecting the dates, on which the greater part of the native population live at this time of year. They thus were in constant communication with the Arabs outside and with the Turkish Army, which, instead of being miles away in the Gebel Mountains towards the east, was in reality only about twenty kilometres away, hidden amongst the oases around Tadjurt. Thus the gradual extension of the Italian lines and the thinness of the numbers of the troops holding them was fully known to the Turkish Commander-in-Chief, Izzet Pasha, who had recently replaced the feeble Munir, and he was able to arrange a joint plan of attack on the Italians with the Arabs inside Tripoli itself and with those who were lurking in thousands in the oasis apparently perfectly peaceful, content to mind their herds and to look after their gardens. During the weeks which preceded the 23rd we Europeans were accustomed to walk or ride quite unaccompanied in all parts of the oasis, which was covered by the Italian lines, in order to make our way from the town to the outposts. On one occasion, when I was lost after dark, an old Arab woman came from her house and led my horse to the main road. We passed any number of Arabs, who, although they did not look on us with favour, never showed us incivility or hostility. But had we known then, as we know now, that during the whole of this period we were merely living at the mercy of thousands of armed savages, it would have been with very different feelings that we set forth on these lonely promenades. For during all this time hundreds of eager eyes were watching our every movement, and every time we entered the oasis hundreds of lurking enemies were waiting, fingers on the triggers, for the moment to come when they could make another effort for Islam against the Infidel.

WHISTLER—I.

A PAGE IN THE MARTYRDOM OF MAN*

By FRANK HARRIS

THE Life of Whistler, by the Pennells, is hard to describe, and harder still to classify. Great labour has gone to the making of it, labour informed by love, and yet it is hardly a great biography; the first volume not even a book in the high sense of the word. Everything is in it; a long genealogy first of all, which reminds me of a fifteenth-century panel I found once in a mountain village in France, on which the family tree of some worthy or other was depicted as issuing out of the body of Jupiter: the first descendants were all kings and queens; but gradually the

offspring fell off in dignity while increasing in bulk—a tragi-comedy of the old oak age. The family-tree superstition Whistler would have been the first to ridicule; genius, as he well knew, is sporadic: has no ancestors and no descendants. It is enough to know that James Whistler was of Irish-Scotch descent, a pure Celt by race.

We cannot see the forest for the trees in this first volume. We are told seriously of Whistler's attempts at drawing at the age of three, and are taken through his early years as a schoolboy in Petersburg. We are told of his father's death and how he returned to America with his widowed mother as a youth of fifteen, and we have his experiences as a cadet at West Point, which school, by the way, he loved and honoured all his life long. Whatever things he did, and some things he left undone, are brought before us with a particularity only bounded by lack of knowledge, and yet the soul of the artist escapes the laboured, careful, minute narration, or, to be more exact, the little of Whistler's soul that is given, is submerged in an ocean of insignificant details.

I was rejoiced, therefore, to hear that a cheaper edition of this book was being prepared. By judicious cutting and compressing it must become more interesting; the authors may even make it into a great book. In that hope I wish to talk of it, for Whistler was an excellent subject for a biography. He was intensely alive and articulate with pen as with brush; above all his splendid artistic work, the huge contempt it brought him, his smiling, courageous defiance of the ignorant and envious, and his late inadequate successes—his whole being and fate are typical, and if any one could write the life-story of a great artist here is his chance, a chance such as only comes once in a generation. Whistler ought to have a great Life written of him; it must be written.

Now if any pair ever lived who should be able to write Whistler's Life and give us a deathless picture of Whistler it is the Pennells. The husband is a considerable artist himself, an American, too, in perfect sympathy with the master; his wife an Englishwoman with an uncommon gift of writing. They are both conscious of their "calling," so to speak; they quote Johnson's saying to Boswell, "Nobody can write the Life of a man but those who have eaten and drunk and lived in social intercourse with him."

This pair then have the knowledge; they have besides the loving sympathy; why have they made but a poor half-success of their astonishing opportunity? It seems to me the causes are partly in themselves, partly in the circumstances of the case. First of all they are in love with their subject. Now in order to paint properly one must have been in love with the subject; but one must no longer be in love: one must be free of the fever when the pen or brush is taken in hand. But the Pennells are still in hot ecstasy: in the Introduction they say Whistler was "the greatest artist of his generation, the most wonderful man we have ever known, and the most delightful friend we have ever made."

At the end they call him "the greatest artist and most striking personality of the nineteenth century," which must make those smile who know Goethe, Wagner, or Balzac.

Was Whistler even the greatest artist of his generation—greater than Manet, greater than Puvis de Chavannes, greater than Rodin? It may be true; but it betrays passion to put him at the very outset above his peers, let us say. Manet and Puvis, I think, were at least as fine craftsmen as Whistler, though in distinction of spirit perhaps Whistler outweighs their technical gift, but Rodin has had no superior in our time. Mr. Pennell ought to know, and does know, Whistler's place better than this; how comes he, then, to overrate Whistler's achievements? And, what is more serious still, how comes he in every dispute of Whistler's, in every quarrel, to take Whistler's side, and to take it with

* *The Life of James McNeill Whistler.* By E. R. and J. Pennell. (Heinemann.)

such vehemence that he will not admit any fault in his idol? No one knows better than Mr. Pennell that Whistler was not always right, could not have been always faultless, and that if he had been, one would have had to invent faults to make him human; one cannot paint a portrait all in superlative high lights without corresponding shadows.

The truth is that Whistler, a great artist and innovator, was so underrated during his life-time here in London, so ridiculed and so persecuted by the malevolence of artists and the stupidity of journalists, that the few who understood and admired his genius were driven to an extreme of eulogy to counteract the extraordinary denigration of the many. It is one of the worst results of the contempt in which Englishmen hold artists that a fair judgment of artistic achievement is hardly ever given. Yet, when writing a life or painting a portrait, it is unwise to abandon oneself to a passionate admiration. The creator must be his own severest critic; that is the only condition on which he escapes the criticism of others.

The Pennells should, first of all, have told themselves that all men of large and original minds must necessarily suffer a martyrdom everywhere and at all times. Originality implies loneliness; powers seek correlative tasks; the life-prison of greatness involves intensest labour, solitary confinement, and for most frequent reward the torture-chamber of insanity. The worst of it is, the suffering inherent in the nature of genius is always intensified by the envy and ignorance of contemporaries who will not accept the new thought or welcome the new vision. The great masters have not only to educate their judges, but they have to form their own public, and that is a slow and often a very long task.

The artist who is a great craftsman, the painter who has astonishing painter's ability, the writer who is a master of verse or prose, gets recognised much sooner than the artist who is a genius by virtue of what Rossetti well called "fundamental brain-stuff." Men crucify divine guides and stone the prophets; Whistler, a great artist by distinction of soul, should have expected the many to rejoice at his bankruptcy and take sides with his detractors in every dispute.

In England the unfortunate artist or writer of genius is treated worse than in any other country, except in America. Had Whistler made his home in Paris he would have come sooner to fame than he did in London; he would also have earned more money. And this in spite of the fact that his talent was peculiarly suited to British and American taste. Like Spenser, Whistler could touch no ugly, no unclean, no gross thing; he was vowed to Beauty, and to Beauty alone. His very limitations, therefore, should have helped him with the smug English and American public. If you put him beside Velasquez for a moment you will recognise his limitations; he could never have painted "The Drunkards" or "The Crucifixion," to say nothing of "The Royal Children" or "The Weavers." And yet Velasquez was limited by his aristocratic Spanish spirit, by his religious dislike of the body, by his extraordinary dignity.

Whistler loved beauty and beauty alone with perfect singleness of heart, revealed it in London fog and mist on Thames-side, where neither Constable nor Turner had seen it, and should therefore have been a prime favourite in England, and in the long run the President of the Royal Academy. Instead of that he was treated with contumely by all save a few devoted disciples, and they were not able to save him from bankruptcy and a narrow life, and the foul contempt of the envious and ignorant journalist mob.

England regards artists as a species of acrobat, and when the artist happens to be a man of original power he would do better to open his studio in any European capital rather

than in London. In every great Continental city there are hundreds of men eager to acclaim any new mind; in England such ingenuous and gifted spirits are to be numbered in tens. Whistler would never have been hounded to bankruptcy in Paris; yet he was driven to failure here when he was already forty-five years of age, and had a dozen master-works behind him and a thousand interesting achievements.

Matthew Arnold says that Byron broke himself, "inevitably shattered himself to pieces against the huge black cliff of English Philistinism." Whistler, in my opinion a greater and rarer intellectual force than Byron, did not shatter himself to pieces, but shook the cliff to its foundations, and caused once at least a veritable earthquake that threatened the existence of the obstacle. Now surely this was an extraordinary event, not only in Whistler's life, but in the life of the British people. How he came to such partial success, how narrowly he missed the sacred triumph of dragging the whole cliff down upon his own head, is a great dramatic story which must be told; and as soon as it is adequately told it should not only help on the good cause all artists have at heart, but also must discover Whistler to us as he lived and worked in London with all his many powers and all his weaknesses.

All through the first part of Whistler's life, up to the Ruskin trial, the pictorial signature he invented, the "Butterfly," seems to me finely symbolic. He was indeed a creature of air and light with quick painted wings, a soul vowed to beauty that could only rest on flowers. Now it was to be seen how the "Butterfly" would fare in this selfish, cruel, hot-foot world, where men, like children, have always time to amuse themselves with hunting and slaughter.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS FOR YOUNG FOLKS

ACROSS London during the weeks of late autumn vans and messengers thread their busy way from the publishers' crowded offices to the outer courts of the editorial sanctums, bearing bulky brown-paper parcels; and when the string is severed a full half of their contents turn out to be books for boys and girls. Not the ineffable little "moral" stories of aforetime, in which the seven-year-old heroine advised her ten-year-old villain of a brother to give up his evil ways in the matter of abstracting the larger portion of apples which had, by agreement, to be equally bitten; or in which saintly, horrible youngsters of tender age conversed with their Papa and Mamma upon the dreadful consequences of fibbing, the virtues of giving pence intended for sweets to ragged boys, and the intense happiness certain in this world and the next provided one lived a spotless, useful (and confoundedly uncomfortable) life. No, not these; but fine, healthy "yarns" of action and adventure, with no moral save that which is bound to come from the delight of their lucky readers. And to some of the best we must now call the attention of parents, uncles and aunts, guardians, big brothers and sisters, and all on whom the pleasant duty falls of buying books at Christmastime.

Girls first; and we may lead off with a handsome new illustrated edition of "The Princess and Curdie," by George MacDonald, which will suit those who have not outgrown the time of fairy-tales, and who have, perhaps, enjoyed "Phantastes." The pictures and drawings by Helen Stratton—twelve of them full-page coloured—are quite good. For contrast we have "The New Girl at St. Chad's," by Angela Brazil, an excellent racy school story of a "wayward and winsome" Irish lass with plenty of fun and not a little naughtiness; the scene where Honor

astonishes the school doctor by her extraordinary weight (having filled her deep pocket with stones) is very amusing. These two at 3s. 6d., and "Five of Them," a jolly holiday story at half a crown by Theodora Wilson, which continues the adventures of a quartette already familiar in "The Islanders," are from Messrs. Blackie's list, and in their way could hardly be bettered. "The Girls of Merton College," published by Messrs. W. and R. Chambers at 5s., is by a writer who needs no fresh praise—Mrs. L. T. Meade; and, although in this book the "moral" is obvious, it does not detract from the interest of the story, and the account of the lost five-pound notes and the college plays will hold any reader's attention.

Three volumes of a cheaper description come from the S.P.C.K.—"The Cave of Hanuman," by Mrs. Hobart-Hampden; "Nancy and her Cousins," by L. E. Tiddeman, and "Another Pair of Shoes," by Austin Clare. All are illustrated and cost one-and-six, and can be recommended as good stories; the same Society also issues "The Story of Helen," by M. F. Hutchinson, at 3s. 6d., which is a quite delightful romance, if somewhat conventional.

In selecting books for boys the difficulty lies in the exceeding number of them, and we tremble to think of how far they would reach if placed end to end—probably from now until midsummer. The quality, too, seems to be so uniformly high that the writer confronted with them is liable to tear his hair for lack of adjectival synonyms. We begin, for example, with "excellent," as applied to two stories by Captain Brereton, and what have we left? However, chances must be taken, and excellent is the only word to describe "Under the Chinese Dragon" and "A Knight of St. John" (Blackie, 5s. and 3s. 6d.). The former tells of complications with a missing will, and the hero has some tremendous adventures in the course of his career; the latter is a story of the defence of Havre and the siege of Malta, with fighting galore. Captain Brereton has a sure hand in dealing with such matters, and, with quite a different style, he seems to bid fair to become the Ballantyne of these days. Another capital boy's book by him is entitled "The Hero of Panama," price 6s., a stirring story of life on the immense works of the Canal; for boys of a mechanical turn of mind, fond of engineering, this will be just the thing. "The Nameless Prince," by G. I. Whitham (2s. 6d.), treats of history, and has scenes at the Court of Edward I.; the boy prince, descended from one of the Plantagenet kings, has mishaps which are anything but princely, but wins in the end; there are some fine descriptions of combats and the clash of swords. A new issue of G. A. Henty's "Through the Sikh War" also comes from the same firm, price 3s. 6d. All these books are illustrated attractively.

Commander E. Hamilton Currey, R.N., whose fascinating articles are probably familiar to many adult readers, also takes Central America for his scene of operations in "With Morgan to Panama," but the time of his story is the end of the seventeenth century, and he has imparted a fine cutlass-and-pistol atmosphere to the pages; from an exciting sea-fight in the first chapter we proceed to adventures grim and gallant on the shore. This, at 5s., and "Blair of Balaclava," at 6s., from Messrs. W. and R. Chambers—the latter a splendid story of the Russian War—is fare good enough to make any juvenile reader plead for a postponement of bedtime. The coloured pictures, by various well-known artists, are very pleasing.

"The Greater Triumph," by Archibald Ingram (A. R. Mowbray and Co., 2s. 6d.), might be termed a naval school story, since it treats of life at Osborne College and at Dartmouth, but its fascination is enhanced by some thrilling escapades with a new submarine (in which Germany is involved), which no boy will be able to resist. More serious, but not less interesting, is a volume issued by Messrs.

Routledge at 3s. 6d., "Elizabethan Adventures upon the Spanish Main," by Mr. A. M. Hyamson, F.R.H.S. Mr. Hyamson has gone for his material to "Hakluyt's Voyages," and is to be congratulated upon the use he has made of it, having modernised the spelling and modified the style when necessary. The book is the first of what promises to be an excellent series, and the boy who is fortunate enough to get it will have the added interest of knowing that the events related actually happened. Hakluyt has also been drawn upon by Mr. Frank Elias for his "First Voyages of Glorious Memory" (A. and C. Black, 3s. 6d.), but he limits himself to the discoveries and omits the fighting. The book is extremely well produced, and the eight full-page coloured illustrations by Norman Wilkinson are worthy each one of a frame. Mr. Ross Harvey's first novel, "The Captain's Chum" (T. Fisher Unwin, 5s.), is a school-yarn which deserves the adjective "ripping," which most boys will apply to it. A football-match, vividly described, a fight, a racecourse episode, in which two enterprising juniors get badly fleeced and learn not to trust every strange well-dressed individual who offers to make their fortunes, and many other incidents vary the course of the life at school; in fact this is one of the best school-stories we have read since the heyday of Talbot Baines Reed in the *Boys' Own Paper*.

Two books from the S.P.C.K. at 2s. each, "In the Days of Queen Mary," by E. E. Crake, M.A., and "Richard of Lympne," by Violet Kirke, are well worth buying for boys who like historical tales; "Hugh Carrington's Ordeal," by Charles Haskins (2s. 6d.) from the same office, rather approaches the ordinary novel in its style and matter, and may be equally interesting to boys or girls. The same remark applies to several "animal" books before us. "The Life-Story of a Lion" (A. and C. Black, 3s. 6d.), by Agnes Herbert, is one of the charming "Animal Autobiographies" Series, and has an extraordinary appreciation of what may be imagined as the lion's point of view; with its beautiful coloured illustrations, it is at once interesting and educative. About the best book of animal stories we have seen is Mr. F. G. Aflalo's "Our Agreeable Friends" (W. and R. Chambers, 6s.), capably illustrated by N. Parker. Mr. Aflalo's name is enough to guarantee their quality, and his Preface is quite delightful; he imagines that "we are just out for a walk together and talking over these animals and their peculiarities," and is more concerned with the minds of the creatures round him than with their bodies. He invites correspondence from his young readers, and we should say that he will receive a large amount of inquiries and comments from readers who cannot strictly be termed "young."

Mr. Horace Hutchinson is almost as well known as Mr. Aflalo, and his book "When Life was New" (Smith Elder and Co., 6s.) would make a most suitable companion-volume to the previous one. He tells of boyish interests in moths, birds, wasps, bees, of bird-stuffing, of otters, of "First Days with the Gun," of foxes, rats, rabbits, and of fishing at St. Kilda; in fact, as his older readers are well aware, he is perfectly at home with all outdoor life. It is a book for the naturalist, boy or man; not the "naturalist" who lives behind a counter and gloats over stuffed skins, but the true naturalist who loves Nature. "Oscar: The Story of a Skye Terrier," by L. M. Watt (W. and R. Chambers, 3s. 6d.), is a well-written tale in a difficult manner, quite suitable for a small child; and with a third familiar name, that of Mr. Edmund Selous, we bring this notice to a close. His "Zoo Conversation Book," illustrated by Mr. J. A. Shepherd (Mills and Boon, 5s.), most humorously embodies a series of conversations between "Hughie" and the various occupants of the Zoological Gardens. It is capital fun all the time, and will appeal to "boys" of every age—a severe test, which is passed in this case triumphantly.

REVIEWS

ROYAL WORDS OF WISDOM

The King to His People. Published by Permission. (Williams and Norgate. 5s. net.)

THIS volume is nicely got up, with a well-executed frontispiece portrait of his Majesty. It is well printed on good paper, but the contents are of such lasting interest and importance that we much hope an *édition de luxe* will be published later on. The extraordinary area over which the King's utterances range is well set forth in the following passage from the Preface:—

In these pages his Majesty is seen now urging upon the industrial magnates of Lancashire the importance of higher education, and anon haranguing a group of Maori or Ojibway chiefs; visiting Indian famine works or praising the water-supply of London or Liverpool; recalling the gloom and pride of South African battlefields; cheering the pioneers of trade in the Far East and the founders of Universities in the Far West; testifying impartially to the merits of Scots and Germans as colonists, and the benefits of good nursing everywhere; bidding schoolboys be thorough, have courage, push ahead; welcoming the latest explorer back from Polar fastnesses; feasting with the children at the Crystal Palace, sitting at the feet of the pundits of the Royal Society, ready with encouragement for every good public work.

On p. 81 will be found the famous "Wake up, England" speech, and on p. 421 a letter appreciative of the Boy-Scout movement, the most remarkable voluntary organisation of recent years. The collection of speeches which the Prince delivered to the Princes and peoples of India between November, 1905, and May, 1906, will be read at the present time with especial interest. The address which the Prince delivered at the Guildhall on May 17th, 1906, contains the following passage:—

From the 9th November, the day of our brilliant reception on landing at Bombay, until the moment of our departure from Karachi on the 19th March, we were welcomed everywhere with a display of enthusiasm and affection which profoundly touched us, and the memory of which will never fade from our minds. We were still more impressed by the unmistakable proofs of genuine devotion and personal attachment to the King-Emperor.

Later on in the same speech occurs the following interesting passage:—

Our visits to several of the great Feudatory States will always be reckoned among the happiest and most interesting of our experiences. We were received by the respective rulers and their peoples with the warmest enthusiasm, with all the gorgeousness and circumstance of old Indian customs, and by them entertained with magnificent hospitality. I enjoyed social intercourse with many of these great Princes, and I was impressed with their loyalty and personal allegiance to the Crown, their nobility of mind, their chivalrous nature, and the great powers they possess for doing good.

We trust, and we have every reason to believe, that his Majesty the King-Emperor, on his return from India, will endorse every word of praise which he used in connection with India, its Princes, and its peoples on the conclusion of his former tour in that great Empire.

The collected speeches form a notable volume, and one without which the nation would have been poorer if Messrs. Williams and Norgate had not, at the expense of much research, issued it for the loyal and affectionate appreciation of his Majesty's subjects in all his dominions.

AN EFFICIENT VICEROY

India Under Curzon and After. By LOVAT FRASER. (Wm. Heinemann. 16s. net.)

THIS book is a tribute of admiration: but it is much more than a bit of laudatory biography. The author, Mr. Lovat Fraser, was in India during the whole of Lord Curzon's Viceroyalty, and for most of it was editor of the *Times of India*, a leading Bombay newspaper. He had therefore ample opportunities for studying his subject and acquiring information. While Lord Curzon is the principal figure in the book, his doings form its body, and a general survey of contemporaneous Indian history is presented in an agreeable shape. Mr. Fraser has travelled widely, and has proved his thoughtfulness in the chapter on "Europe's Relations with Asia," which he contributed to "India and the Durbar," recently published. The main idea of that chapter is reproduced in this book when Mr. Fraser attributes the late unrest in India not to Lord Curzon, but to a great world-movement against European domination manifested in the uprising of Asiatic peoples.

A brief article does not admit of justice being done to the whole range of subjects treated by Mr. Fraser, so that attention must be confined to certain points. Lord Curzon's ambition from childhood lay towards India; he prepared himself by travel, study, Parliamentary life, and speaking, for the post of Viceroy, upon which no other statesman has ever entered with similar equipment of knowledge, enthusiasm, and boundless energy. As he deliberately set himself, by framing lists of measures to be undertaken, to reform everybody and everything, he naturally trod upon many toes, encountered opposition, and was never popular. Towards the end of his first five years he admitted that "his policy was not always popular." But he had what Mr. Fraser terms driving-power, and gained a name for doing things about which other men had only talked. It is evident that, never enjoying really sound health, he overworked himself; he was not only thorough in his mastery of details, but he did much himself that he might have left to others whom he could trust. His contemporaries and friends formed this opinion. Mr. Fraser alludes to the towering personality of the Viceroy: he might have put it much stronger. A Viceroy's position enables him to domineer and be overbearing. Lord Curzon's immediate *entourage* found it easier and safer to concur than to oppose; his assertion that he had the unanimous support of his Council was largely based upon their dereliction of their duty. Mr. Fraser mentions two very noticeable defects in Lord Curzon's personal character as an Indian administrator. "One was that while he said he courted criticism—and undoubtedly he did—he was always very restive under it." It distressed him to be misunderstood; he resented a chance, and possibly unfair, newspaper criticism far more than its importance merited:—

The other was an unconscious defect in controversial method which remained to the end. In any dispute he was almost as eager to make a small point as a great one, and never sufficiently concentrated upon broad essentials alone. It was a defect which was especially perceptible in the discussion about the military administration.

For certain of his measures Lord Curzon deserves the highest praise; in others his actions have not been universally approved. In one matter at least his policy was soon altered by his successor. More than once he addressed admonitions to independent Native Princes upon their position and their duties. "His intense interest in the internal affairs of the States was not always relished by the

Chiefs, though it had the effect of producing a marked increase of efficiency in States where improvement had become very necessary." Mr. Fraser holds "that Lord Curzon, in his anxiety to emphasise the duties of partnership, was sometimes led to expect too much." Lord Minto showed a disposition to avoid interference. Mr. Fraser's conclusion leans to "somewhat less exacting demands than Lord Curzon prescribed, without lapsing into the attitude of passivity which Lord Minto appeared to prefer." The North-west Frontier problem was ably solved by Lord Curzon, who—

Chose a middle course, and, in doing so, may be said to have founded a new school of frontier politicians. . . . He refused to lock up regular troops in fortified positions far from their bases. . . . The essence of his policy, which he avowedly borrowed from Beluchistan, was to make the tribesmen themselves responsible for the maintenance of order.

This policy has, with very slight interruptions, been successful for twelve years. But the frontier question will hereafter be greatly affected by the enormous supply of arms and ammunition among the border tribes. In the Persian Gulf and Persia Lord Curzon reasserted British power. Mr. Fraser's chapter on the whole subject is exhaustive and illuminating. Koweit is the present centre of political interest: the independence of the Sheikh thereof and his loyalty to the British should be steadfastly maintained. In Tibet China has, in spite of Lord Curzon's spirited policy, advanced and managed to exercise practical sovereignty and develop an anti-British situation on the North-east Frontier. This is an untoward result of Lord Curzon's action towards Tibet, which was grandly conceived and executed. He has, however, kept Russia out of Lhasa and Tibet generally, which is no small achievement. In dealing with the internal matters of India, such as "The Land and the People," Educational Reform, Plague and Famine, Commerce and Industry, and Finance, Lord Curzon's work was generally admirable.

His educational reforms "are in some respects the most strongly marked feature of his Viceroyalty." His excessive labours "produced the first signs of that failure of health from which he never completely rallied." He "rescued Indian education from the slough into which it had sunk, and placed it at last upon the right path." His Act for the reform of the Universities aroused a storm of hostile criticism and bitter animosity which pursued him until his departure. In revenue questions he made himself proficient by great labour, and conferred a great boon by making the land revenue more elastic in times of scarcity and famine. Too much credit has been given to his "overhauling the machinery" and his attempts to check the voluminous clerical work. Mr. Fraser criticises, and with some reason, Lord Curzon's action under this heading; and he rightly throws scorn on the "Moral and Material Progress Report" prepared annually by the India Office for Parliament. Mr. Fraser's accounts of the dispute about the partition of Bengal and the Viceroy's controversy with Lord Kitchener regarding the Military Department will always be useful as summarising those occurrences. He gives the impression of being a partisan in both cases and of ignoring much that might be said, and has been said, both for the partition and for Lord Kitchener's views. The partition of Bengal should never be reopened, as Lord Morley said; the relations of the Commander-in-Chief to the Civil Government, settled for the time, can hardly fail to be reconsidered some day.

According to Mr. Fraser, Lord Curzon was guided by four great principles during his administration, as he himself stated—first, "the recognition that for every department of

the State and for every branch of the administration there must be a policy, instead of no policy;" second, his "regard for the welfare of the Indian poor, the Indian peasant," the silent millions, the 80 per cent. who subsist by agriculture; third, frankness as to the intentions of Government and the study of public opinion; fourth, to look ahead and provide for the abiding needs of the country and build for the future. On these main principles he laboured, and never wavered from the assertion of the permanent domination of England in India:—

Let no man admit (he said) the craven fear that those who have won India cannot hold it, or that we have only made India to our own or to its unmaking. That is not the true reading of history. That is not my forecast of the future. To me the message is carved in granite, it is hewn out of the rock of doom—that our work is righteous and that it shall endure.

Mr. Fraser records a warning that three questions affecting the whole basis of British rule are likely to arise in connection with the administration of India. He formulates them as follows:—The reform of the chartered High Courts; the constitution and administrative system of the Indian Office; the nature of the control exercised by the Secretary of State over the Governor-General in Council, including the handling of the finances. These questions are inevitable in the future, but they may be delayed for many years before they reach the acute stage. So also may the idea of the appointment of a Royal Regent for India, to which Mr. Fraser entirely objects. Another possible course appears to be that, without altering the constitution of the Indian Government, one or more of the Royal Princes should be trained by preliminary tenure of smaller posts to qualify for the post of Viceroy and Governor-General. Thus the idea could not be realised for a long time to come.

These observations will, it is hoped, have conveyed some indication of the interesting character of Mr. Fraser's book. He cannot expect all his readers to accept every one of his views; but they will at least unite in acknowledging the merits of his performance, his clear and comprehensive narrative, and the fairness of his observations on the eminent personage with whom he has dealt. It will be difficult for any one to write a better account of the men and measures of a very important period of Indian history.

IN SILVER-GREY

Death. By MAURICE MAETERLINCK. (Methuen and Co. 3s. 6d. net.)

M. MAETERLINCK is an artist in silver-grey: sometimes a mystic or a philosopher by choice, but always and inevitably the artist in *grisaille*. The mind-picture that he invokes is of dark, mysterious trees crossed by flitting phantom figures and framing a weird expanse; and what is sometimes the source of a feeling of dissatisfaction is the sense that this silver-grey expanse partakes too faithfully of the impalpable ether of space. Thither at length, gasping and expectant, we are led, and thence, lean and unfed, we return.

We feel that M. Maeterlinck has found here a fitting subject for his art, and it is one of such common and poignant interest that we cannot well withhold our attention. And M. Maeterlinck's mood is kindly; there is even a delicate lavender suggestion of optimism in it. He comes with an artist's brief for the silent grey angel, and he would make it something of a screed of comfort for us—if only he might breathe a genuine blush into his *grisaille*! We fear *Death*, he says, chiefly because of terrors that are not his. We

load him with the onus of pain that belongs to sickness, and invest him with the clammy horrors of the tomb. In reality he stands, a clean and merciful figure, the keeper of the gate which marks our egress—and our entrance? At this point, having paid his propitiatory tribute, M. Maeterlinck peers up inquiringly into the face of his Grey Angel. Alas! he still reads there the lineaments of the sphinx. So into the clear immensity of silver-grey he sends his resignedly rhetorical questions—for he admits them unanswerable, and with a wan smile bows us for our soul's consolation into possession of his finished artistry—in *grisaille*.

M. Maeterlinck's whole universe seems to be strangely wan, and curiously simple. And though we are all left with dumb questions frozen on our lips in face of life's closing enigma, it is perhaps this curious simplicity of M. Maeterlinck which, child-like, is so insistently vocal with questions. To him the only conceivable purpose of life, if it has one at all, is happiness. And happiness seems to mean very much the simple happiness of a child with a toy. Sorrow stands apart similarly primal, the peculiar heritage of the body, and if not inimical at least fruitless to the soul. Indeed, "the soul is insensible to all that is not happiness"; surely a controvertible idea. In reality even M. Maeterlinck's optimism, like his earlier beautiful pessimism, is silver-grey, and his happiness is silver-grey also. It would not conform to his general artist's scheme to admit more positive colours. It is of the clash of forces that life's divine colours are wrought. Joy itself is insipid and colourless until it impinges on sorrow, as is the light until it strikes the darkness. Love blossoms in ruddy glory and spills its ineffable fragrance when it seizes its jealous opportunity in sacrifice. But M. Maeterlinck's landscape could not bear the splendour of the rose which is red from its birth in blood; and the oriflamme of that supreme happiness which springs from conquered sorrow would blot out the delicate silver-grey in a great golden eclipse. And it is of these sacramental facts of human experience that faith is born, hailing them intuitively as the authentic intimations of the infinite and eternal.

M. Maeterlinck comes nearest to falsifying his artistry and dipping his brush in more positive colours when, after starting with the thought that our conception of Death governs life, he concludes with the hesitant suggestion that after all our living of life will bring us nearer to the secret of Death:—

Our sole privilege within our tiny confines is to struggle towards that which appears to us the best, and to remain heroically persuaded that no part of what we do within those confines can ever be wholly lost.

Which is not so utterly alien from the conception of that little, halting, great-souled Saint who looked back with satisfaction on a course strewn with the wreckage of battle, and furthermore, not being an artist in silver-grey, looked up into the face of the Sphinx and cried exultantly, "O Death, where is thy sting?"

BARGAINS AND BRAINS

The Bargain Book. By C. E. JERNINGHAM and LEWIS BETTANY. With Nine Plates and Nine Tabular Charts. (Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d. net.)

ALL men—and in this case "the brethren embrace the sisters"—love a bargain. From the time when in school-days a knife or a top was exchanged for something more

desired or apparently of greater value, the bargaining spirit is in existence, and the plots and schemes of after-life, when the housewife "beats down" the tradesman or the good man grumbles at his tailor's charges, are a variation of the same instinct. "The Bargain Book" which Messrs. Jerningham and Bettany have collaborated in producing deals, we need hardly say, with a somewhat different side of the question—that of the collector of curiosities, from an autograph of Nelson to a Chippendale chair. Apart from its value as a guide to curiosity-hunters, this capacious volume is a mine of amusing stories; indeed, hardly a statement is made unaccompanied by some illustrative anecdote or experience—for which Mr. Jerningham, familiar to many readers as "Marmaduke" of *Truth*, is, we suspect, often responsible.

The authors should at times have been a little more restrained in their writing, for although a polished literary style is not required in such a book as this—it would, in fact, be unsuitable to the vein—there is no necessity to be extravagant. To say that "fleets of ships weekly cross the Atlantic to the States laden with our old-time treasures" is hardly correct, for instance; nor do "curiosity shops spring up literally by hundreds in every direction." What a pitfall that word "literally" is to the journalist! These are comparatively small flaws, however, in a valuable work. That the authors possess the genuine artistic sensibility is proved in many a fine and pertinent passage; notably in one which we may quote from the chapter entitled "The Ignorance of Dealers and Collectors," touching the subtle distinction which exists between a recognised work of art and a forgery:—

A forgery may be perfect in every detail, the colouring and form may be identical with that of the original; nevertheless, there will be something lacking. There is a mysterious force about a genuine work of art which cannot be reproduced, and it is the absence of this which renders a forgery dead from the moment it is made. It will be urged, possibly, that there are forgeries which are works of art in themselves; this is correct, but it cannot be said that they are good replicas, since the forger has produced, not a dead copy, but a picture into which he has infused his own personality, thus giving to the world a work which contains an element foreign to the original painting.

It is obvious, therefore, that a true artistic sensibility is necessary to distinguish between the real and the false; and while this sensibility must be inborn, it can also be developed by long and careful study.

The authors give an excellent description of the famous Caledonian Market—a spot interesting to students of human nature as well as to curiosity-hunters; it is strange how few people seem to know of its existence.

The chapter on "Art and America" is full of remarks and experiences which might well have formed the text for Mr. Henry James in his "Outcry." A Duke, for instance, recently was offered a cheque for fifty thousand pounds for the contents of one room. "For three hours after the proposal the pair wandered over the castle, and at the end of the visit the Duke had received a cheque for seventy-five thousand pounds, and the dealer was in possession of property which he afterwards sold for six hundred thousand pounds in the United States." Justification enough, we imagine, for the protests of the authors!

Some fine illustrations and a series of charts add to the value of this book, and we can only say that all collectors of curios, in whatever sphere, should hasten to read it. If they do not profit by its advice and gain amusement from its stories they will be hopeless.

THE JEWISH RELIGION

The Religion and Worship of the Synagogue: An Introduction to the Study of Judaism from the New Testament Period. By W. O. E. OESTERLEY, D.D., and G. H. Box, M.A. Second and Revised Edition. (Sir Isaac Pitman and Sons. 7s. 6d. net.)

It is certainly a reproach to the Anglo-Jewish community that a book such as this should have been left to Christians to write, and that no English Jew should have thought it worth his while, or should have found the opportunity to supply his co-religionists with a much-needed text-book of the practice of their religion. It is true that an English Jew, the Rev. Morris Joseph, published an excellent volume on the ethics of Judaism, "Judaism as Creed and Life," a few years ago; and another Jew, the late Dr. Friedländer, a text-book of the Jewish religion some fifteen or twenty years earlier. This latter was probably sufficient for its generation, but a far more attractive and useful work on the same subject has appeared, and by the unalloyed praise it has received in Jewish and Christian circles its necessity has been proved beyond a doubt. Like the telephone, the typewriter, and many another invention, "The Religion and Worship of the Synagogue" immediately upon its appearance proved itself indispensable. The book is almost unique among the works of Christian divines relating to Judaism and the Jewish ritual, inasmuch as it treats these subjects not only reverently and with all due respect, but also sympathetically, and without the shadow of a hint of controversy or endeavour towards proselytism. Although written by Christian clergymen, the book may with safety be placed in the hands of Jewish children so that they may gain enlightenment as to the tenets and observances of their religion and be strengthened in them. The book is far more Jewish than many others—even written by Jews—often designated by that term. It not only relates to Jews and Judaism: it inculcates the Jewish faith. The authors in the new edition under notice have carefully revised their previous work. The sections dealing with the Pharisees, Reform Judaism and the Dispersion have been rewritten, and a new one on Zionism has been added. In the first of these sections a very widespread misconception regarding the Pharisees is set right. We are reminded that it was not the Pharisees as a body who were rebuked by Jesus, but only a section of them, and that section is none the less severely rebuked by the doctors of the Talmud. The Pharisees are by these latter classified wittily as follows:—

The "Shoulder Pharisee," who wears his good acts on his shoulder, as it were, so that all the world can see and admire them. . . . The "Wait a Bit Pharisee," who says, in effect, "Wait a bit until I have done the good act that is waiting to be done" (and, of course, never does it); then there is the "Bruised Pharisee," who runs up against a wall and bruises himself rather than look at a woman; fourthly, there is the "Pestle Pharisee," who always walks with his head down in mock humility, like a pestle in a mortar; then comes the "Reckon-it-up Pharisee," who is ever counting up the good deeds that he has done, in order to see if they are sufficient to counter-balance the evil ones; sixthly, there is the "God-fearing Pharisee," who takes Job for his pattern; and, lastly, there is the "God-loving Pharisee," who, like Abraham, the friend of God, really loves his Heavenly Father.

We notice a few inaccuracies in the new portion of the work. The list of minor Jewish sects given on p. 146 is incomplete; the founders of the West London Synagogue, referred to on p. 150, consisted of eighteen Sephardim and six Ashkenazim, not 118 as stated in the text; the new movement for Sabbath afternoon services mentioned at the bottom of page 151 expired after a brief existence.

HOLLAND

AN ENGLISH APPRECIATION

Home-Life in Holland. By D. S. MELDRUM. Illustrated. (Methuen and Co. 10s. 6d. net.)

THE author has dedicated his work "To my wife, whose name ought to be on the title-page;" and the dedication is certainly justified, for many of the details in the early part of the book must have been obtained—or at any rate obtained much easier—through feminine influence and observation. The book is one of a series of *Home-Life* in various countries by the same publishers, and goes very minutely into home-life in Holland, with its many peculiarities and customs, which, skilfully collected, as here, make up a very interesting book and a noteworthy addition to the series. Dutch Interiors, the House and the Home, the Country and the Home—existence in its various phases in a Dutch middle-class home, its domesticity and family life, and the education of the nation are dealt with very fully.

With reference to the mistress of the house washing with her own hands the china used for tea and coffee drinking, we have always understood that the principal reason for her doing so was the pricelessness of the china, and that this custom obtains even in the Palace. Of Dutch servants and cookery the author speaks highly—their ways of cooking vegetables are beyond reproach; and although a Dutch servant expects a *douceur* from all enjoying the hospitality of her master or mistress, still this fact is taken into account in arriving at the amount of her wages, and, as the custom is recognised and universal, it is no hardship.

The feminine hand disappears in the later portion of the book, where Socialists, Politics in the Church, and Education are fully dealt with. On the latter subject the author is strongest, and we may point out that in Holland there is no such thing as a broken-down lady as a last resort setting up a school for the daughters of gentlemen only. There are private schools, some called Adventure Schools, but no one can teach in them or run them without having passed Government examinations and being duly qualified to teach in Government schools—a lesson for us surely. The general educational idea and its fulfilments are good. There appears to have been a fierce battle between the Clericals and Liberals on this school question—the same question as will sooner or later recur again with increased violence in our own land; but surely, as the State comprises all creeds, a general scheme of education should be laid down, and if each sect chooses to run its own schools, supplementing the State curriculum by adding what it thought necessary for the salvation of the soul, that sect or its schools should be subsidised on its fulfilling the State's educational requirements without reference to its supplementary teaching. It brings religion into increasing disfavour with the multitude, whom it should attract and not repel, by its very harshness in dealing with religious questions. The Dutch appear to have solved the main question after oceans of bitterness, but the growth of private schools shows that Catholics and Protestants are both making strenuous efforts on their own lines to which no one can object.

The State also has most excellent technical or trade schools where boys are taught real trades in a course of about three years, and their services are sought for at the end of their training by masters of the trades. Contrast this with the so-called technical instruction given by our County Councils, where a boy is supposed to learn building construction or a somewhat similar business in twelve lessons of an hour each.

Workmen are protected by an Act resembling our Workmen's Compensation Act. Wages are much lower than in

England, but house-rent is cheaper, and the workpeople live more frugally than here; but the ultimate difference between the amount earned and the amount spent on living seems to go in the same direction as in England—viz., the public-house or drink.

Very little is said about the Throne and its occupants, but we believe there is great sympathy between Crown and people, and the national simplicity of living is not lost even in the Palace. One would have thought that modern photographs would have better illustrated the book than reproductions of Dutch artist pictures, well done as they are. It is true that Israels was essentially a painter of Dutch home-life, and this may properly account for a selection from his pictures and other Dutch artists being included in the volume.

One final word as to the Government. Students and others desirous of comparison will read with interest the particulars as to the Staats General and the powers of the Chambers. Our review will, we hope, show that the book is worth reading, particularly by those who do not wish to confine their knowledge of things to their own country's doings. By the way, what authority has the author for referring to a horse-cowper? Is it Scotch?

A DUTCH APPRECIATION

Home-Life in Holland. By D. S. MELDRUM. With Twenty-six Illustrations. (Methuen and Co. 10s. 6d. net.)

DE schryver van dit boek, een geboren Schot, heeft 15 jaar geleden geruimen tyd in Nederland, hoofdzakelyk te Amsterdam en Rotterdam vertoeft en later zyn tydelyk domicilie te Utrecht gevestigd. Van uit die centra bezocht hy Hollands Laagland, enkele eilanden, de Veluwe, een deel van Overysel, Friesland en Groningen.

Met eigen oogen heeft hy waargenomen, en goed ook, en zich door velen doen voorlichten omtrent hetgeen hem moeilyk verklaarbaar voorkwam; maar vooral door zelf onderzoek en grondige studie zyn de gegevens verzameld, die hem in staat stelden dit getrouw beeld van het leven in Holland te geven.

Toestanden van drie eeuwen geleden te vergelyken met die van voor 15 jaren en heden maken het lezen van het boek eenigszins vermoeiend en kunnens, voor den vreemdeling althans, aanleiding geven tot verwarring. Zoodra echter de lezer de eerste helft van het boek heeft genoten, komt hy beter op de hoogte van de bedoeling van den schryver, die er nadruk op legt, dat ook Holland, evenals zoo menig ander land, in de laatste 25 of 15 jaren een belangrijke verandering heeft ondergaan, en den invloed van nieuwe verkeersmiddelen, fiets, motor, stoom en electrische tram heeft ondervonden en dagelyks bemerkt, welk een ommekeer in de samenleving raket en football, telefoon en bioscoop veroorzaken.

In 29 hoofdstukken heeft schryver zyn stof uitgewerkt. Het Hollandsche landschap met zyn Waterschappen en polders, met zyn weiden en hooivelden, bloemkweekeryen en groententuin, omgeven door slooten en weteringen, ringvaarten en kanalen trok inzonderheid zyn aandacht en wordt met levendige kleuren geteekend. Het groot belang van het beheerschen van het water, Hollands vriend en vyand, toont hy aan door uitvoerig te verklaren van hoeveel gewicht de *Waterstaat* is voor ons, voor een groot deel aan het water ontwoekerd land.

Waterstaat, *onderwys* en *Calvinisme* zyn volgens schryver de drie groote belangen, die in Nederland op den voorgrond treden.

Het huis en het te huis in de stad en op het land, by den boer en in de Venen, in vroeger tyd en later hebben zyn

belangstelling opgewekt en worden vergeleken met bestaande toestanden. Een 26 tal, goed gekozen illustraties, reproducties van bekende schilderyen van groote meesters verduidelijken zyn levendige beschrijving, terwyl allerlei ontmoetingen en ervaringen, zoo in als buitenshuis opgedaan goed te pas worden gebracht, om zeden, gewoonten, gebruiken, levenswyze en volkskarakter te doen uitkomen.

De schryver is er volkomen in geslaagd een helder en getrouw beeld te geven van den boer, den tuinder, den arbeider, den burgerstand met en zonder burgerlyke manieren.

Zyn indruk is dat Holland niet in de eerste plaats is een zeer ontwikkeld land, maar wel een land met zeer ontwikkelde menschen.

Met veel waardeering bespreekt hy onze verschillende onderwys regelingen en stelt hy op hoogen prys de hoofd-leiding van den staat over alle Onderwys.

Aan het Onderwys, de Kerk, de politiek en de economische vraagstukken is het tweede gedeelte van het boek gewyd.

Slechts enkele punten zyn niet juist weergegeven. Zoo eindigt by voorbeeld de minderjarigheid met het 21ste levensjaar (bladz. 289).

De Provinciale Gerechtshoven (elf) zyn vervangen door de Gerechtshoven (5) (bladz. 236); het pensioen van een Minister wordt berekend ad. f. 1,000—per dienstjaar tot een maximum van f. 4,000—terwyl de jaarwedde ad. f. 12,000—gedurende vier jaar aan een korting van een vierde is onderworpen (bladz. 286).

By uitzondering is een Minister tevens lid der Staten-Generaal (bladz. 288).

De afstand van den Haag—Leiden bedraagt meer dan 16 kilometer (bladz. 301), welke stad zyn paardetram reeds heeft verwisseld met een electrische tram, die door geheel Leiden en verder naar Katwyk loopt.

Zoo vliegt de tyd en veranderen snel del toestanden.

Tempora mutantur et nos mutamur in illis. En zoo streeft Nederland meer en meer naar de verwezenely king van het geveleugeld woord van Koningin "Wilhelmina: Nederland moet groot zyn in alle zaken, waarin een klein land groot kan wezen."

"Home-Life in Holland" behoort tot de beste en getrouwste beschrijvingen van Nederland, door een vreemdeling te boek gesteld.

SHORTER REVIEWS

The Life of Sir Joseph Banks. By EDWARD SMITH, F.R.H.S. Illustrated. (John Lane. 12s. 6d. net.)

THE name of Captain Cook at once suggests to the mind an era of discovery, while that of Sir Joseph Banks, his great co-traveller, is often forgotten. This book is an effort to rescue from oblivion the famous President of the Royal Society, a man of many parts, a great leader in the scientific life of the eighteenth century, and, as the practical founder of Australia, indirectly a politician of no little importance. Sir Joseph Banks came of an old Lincolnshire family; Revesby was his home. He was sent first to Harrow School, and later to Eton, where his botanical and scientific tastes developed early. He made collections of plants and insects, and studied Gerard's "Herbal." His widowed mother took a house at Chelsea, where he had the advantage of the famous Apothecaries' Garden. His first voyage was to Newfoundland. In 1768 he went round the world with Captain Cook. Of this voyage Mr. Smith gives a very short account, although the materials in various Journals are ample. On the other hand, in subsequent chapters there is

much irrelevant detail. In the present day biography runs riot, tends to become diffuse, expansive, over-anecdotal, and so much concerned with the doings, sayings, and letters of friends and acquaintances that the life and personality of the chief character actually becomes somewhat obscured and involved. This is partly the case with Mr. Smith's book. A volume half the size, keeping strictly to the important points and facts in Sir Joseph Banks' life, without so much attention to the background, would give a better picture of the actual individual. No doubt he was a man of great social influence, and as such had many friends. But it is possible to hear too much about them, though the temptation to the biographer may be great when dealing with so interesting a period as the second half of the eighteenth century.

Sir Joseph Banks' claim to recognition rests on two prominent facts. He was a very distinguished President of the Royal Society, and he was the man who really founded Australia. But the chapter on the Founding of Australia occupies only seventeen pages in a volume of 330. It is true, as Mr. Smith points out in a note, that several volumes of "Records" have been printed since the people of Sydney, N.S.W., acquired a quantity of Banks' MSS. at Sotheby's sale in 1886; also that in 1909 Mr. J. H. Maiden published at Sydney his "Banks, the Father of Australia." Still, that is not sufficient reason for the scant treatment of this volume. There are interesting chapters on the Rise of New Learned Societies, and on the Revival of Botanical Exploration. The story of the latter years of Sir Joseph Banks' life is very well told, of his untiring energy, and of his devotion to practical horticultural work, and the many experiments which he carried out at Spring Grove, Heston, among which may be mentioned his cultivation of the *Rosa Banksia* and the peony, which came from China. It was unfortunate that he published so little of his store of scientific knowledge, though he left a large accumulation of MSS. of his own and his sister's work. He died, full of years, honour, and fame, some six months after his friend George III. There are some good illustrations and portraits, and the style and presentation of the book are alike excellent.

A Short History of English Versification, from the Earliest Times to the Present Day. By MAX KALUZA, Ph.D. Translated by A. C. DUNSTAN, Ph.D. (George Allen and Co. 5s. net.)

WHILE a volume of this description may savour somewhat of the importation of coals to Newcastle, we are prepared to recommend it, at least with regard to the earlier sections, as one more evidence of the thoroughness of German scholarship. The author is Professor of English Language and Literature in the University of Königsberg, and the translator is "English Lektor" in the same University. The book claims to be a "strictly scientific account of the development of English prosody from the earliest times," and this (from the Preface) gives a better idea of the book, perhaps, than the title, for out of the whole sum of 387 pages, 265 are devoted to the development of prosody to the end of the fifteenth century, and the remaining 122 have to suffice for what is generally regarded as the main period of English literature, from Shakespeare onwards. Indeed, there is no comparison between the thorough and detailed treatment of the earlier periods and the hasty survey of the later.

There are valuable references given to the literature of each section, though many, of course, are to German works. In the list of references to literature on the sonnet we find no mention of William Sharp's valuable little treatise which prefaces the "Canterbury" volume of "Sonnets of the Nineteenth Century." In the discussion of the "In Memoriam"

stanza no reference is made to Sandys' use of the metre in his metrical version of the Psalms, A.D. 1636. The brief modern English survey takes account of American poets, but Fitzgerald's quatrains receive only bare mention in a section on "Rimed Couplets and Triplets." We have found no reference to George Meredith—who surely merits it as much as Wigglesworth—nor is there any adequate treatment of the modern tendency towards greater freedom in the employment of stresses, so well illustrated in Meredith's "Love in the Valley." An irritating technicality, by the way, is the use of the term "verse" in place of the more common "line."

It will be seen, therefore, that the work will be of greater value to the scholar and student of Old English verse-forms than to such as may be looking for a history of English Poetry for general use and reference. We can only commend again the solid scholarship displayed in the earlier part of the book, merely wondering whether it would not have been better to have published this part only, under some such title as "A Critical Examination of Early and Middle English Prosody."

The Trooper Police of Australia. By A. L. HAYDON. Illustrated. (Andrew Melrose. 10s. 6d. net.)

COMMENCING with the days of Captain Cook and Sir Joseph Banks, the author traces the evolution of the Australian police-forces from the original convict-guard of early times to the present-day conditions affecting the guardians of the peace in "six separate States, and consequently it has been impossible to avoid a certain amount of overlapping." This, of course, is quite unavoidable in the case of such a history, and necessary to the interest of the work.

About a year ago Mr. Haydon produced a record of the North-west police of Canada, so he came to the compilation of this present work with an experience of which he has made good use. In the acquiring of matter relating to early times, he tells us, he experienced considerable difficulty. How this was overcome he does not state, but proof that it was overcome is furnished by the lucidity and coherence of the narrative. There are no breaks.

The bushranger, a prominent figure in Australian police-life, is shown in his true colours. He loses the aspect of a melodrama hero, and stands out brutally, often fiendishly, cruel, and the villain of every piece in which he figures. Mr. Haydon is a just historian, however, for he is no more partial to the police than their opponents in the game of crime; the faults of the various forces are chronicled, errors and their results are shown, and the "retirement" of an incapable officer given equal prominence with the downfall of Ned Kelly, the bushranger. The humour, pathos, excitement, monotony, comedy, and tragedy in the life of these trooper forces is all told, and one is left with the conviction that, as a whole, the police-trooper of Australia is "well worthy of the high praise that has been bestowed upon him." His duties are unending in number, and he figures, as the author points out, as the "handy man" of the country.

The book was "made on the spot" by its author, who paid a lengthy visit to Australia in order to get his facts at first hand. The result is a work rich in personal interest, of value from an historical standpoint, and bearing the impress of sincerity and impartiality. The chapter on the Kelly gang is a drama in itself. There is food for thought for the anthropologist in that part of the book devoted to a survey of the aboriginal races, while in every phase of the work in which the police are engaged, and of which the volume tells, the atmosphere of romance borne by the island

continent strikes upward from the printed page. Here was a great story waiting the telling, and Mr. Haydon has told it in the right way.

British North America. By A. WYATT TILBY. (Constable and Co. 6s. net.)

THE author commences with the story of the causes which led to the American War of Independence, follows the fortunes of the colonists through the struggle which terminated with the formation of a new nation, and then, having engrossed his readers in the history of the infant United States, turns abruptly to a consideration of the discovery of the North-West Passage and the development of Canada. As a text-book of British Colonial history the work is well compiled, though there is at times a glimpse of the partiality to one side at the expense of another, which a historian should avoid; but as a story of human interest the book suffers from that abrupt switching off from the States to Canada at the very point where the former country is proving itself worthy of further study. The title of the book, however, accounts for this lack of continuity. In spite of a leaning toward set phrases—"an obstinacy worthy of a better cause," for example—and a few instances of unnecessarily alliterative similes, the style of the work adds to the interest of this story of a nation lost and a nation gained to England. Without descending to meticulous accuracy or rendering his work of formidable bulk, the author has conveyed a sense of the relative significance attaching to each incident in his history, and has added a good text-book to existing literature on the early history of Canada and the formation of the United States.

Les Beaux Voyages: En Chine. (Merveilleuses Histoires.) By JUDITH GAUTIER. With a Preface to the Series by JEAN AICARD, of the French Academy. Twelve Plates in Colour and a Map. (A. and C. Black. 1s. 6d. net.)

UNDER the general title "Les Beaux Voyages," Messrs. A. and C. Black are publishing in French a companion series to their popular "Peeps at Many Lands." The first volume, "En Chine," comes very opportunely just now, when that ancient empire is in the throes of a sanguinary revolution. Madame Judith Gautier's fascinating pages, aided by the excellent coloured illustrations, bring vividly before one the home life of the mysterious Flowery Land, providing all the enjoyment of a journey through that strange far away country without any of its inconveniences. M. Aicard, the Academician, introduces the series to French readers, and succeeding volumes will depict Morocco, Egypt, India, Japan, &c. Some typographical errors, chiefly with regard to accents, have been allowed to creep into the present volume, and the publishers would do well to have future proof-sheets read by some competent person before printing off, for it would be a pity to have such attractive volumes disfigured by mis-spelling.

FICTION

The Case of Richard Meynell. By MRS. HUMPHRY WARD. (Smith, Elder, and Co. 6s.)

RICHARD MEYNELL was a rebellious, pugnacious person, but he was one of those lovable revolutionists whom even their enemies are compelled to respect and to esteem. His cosy rectory at Upcote Minor became a storm-centre not only for the district, but for the whole country; that is, in matters

pertaining to the Church, for doubtless in uninterested spheres of thought there lived thousands of good people quite unaware of the whirlwind of controversy raging so furiously around them.

It is a curious sign of the times, the unconcern with which this book has been received. Twenty years ago, when we approached "Robert Elsmere," it was with a sense of awe and a furtive feeling, as of those who grasp at forbidden fruit. Of Elsmere's rebellion we read with bated breath, vastly moved; of Meynell's antagonism to the conventions of the Established Church we now read with perfect tranquillity. It must be confessed that Meynell's love-story interests us a great deal more than the religious discussions and the clash of opinions which form what the author clearly intended to be the most important part of the book. Mary Elsmere, daughter of Robert (of whose struggles we hear many echoes in this volume), is a beautiful character, drawn with intense sympathy, and the gradual unfolding of her love for Richard Meynell is like the sweet opening of some pale, fragrant rose. In this book, indeed, Mrs. Humphry Ward is more successful with her women than with the men. Rose Flaxman, charmingly backed up by her husband in her belief in Meynell throughout the scandal which threatened to overthrow him, is a fine example of the true "womanly" helpmeet—one who retains her fascination, her humour, her homeliness in spite of wealth and position. Hester Fox-Wilton, too, the wilful girl who insists upon carrying through her disastrous passion for the scapegrace Philip Meryon, is full of life, and can be distinctly visualised; Philip, on the other hand, remains vague and unimpressive.

The whole story tends to prove that matters of faith and belief, of ritual and procedure, however controversial, are out of place in the novel of the present day. Meynell is a vivid enough personality to bear a story to a thoroughly good finish, apart from the heterodox convictions with which he is saddled for the sake of the plot; and the baseless scandal disseminated by anonymous letters—the writer of which turns out, as ever, to be a negligible cad—would have made the theme of a side-issue sufficiently real to hold any reader's attention. The book is written with all the care and gravity which we expect from Mrs. Humphry Ward; but there have been several others from her pen, of late years, which will make a much wider appeal.

Good Boy Seldom. By OLIVER ONIONS. (Methuen and Co. 6s.)

MR. ONIONS is, perhaps, the most intensely modern of contemporary novelists. He mirrors his age, in its most up-to-date manifestations, with a fidelity that is at times almost alarming; for the reflection is somewhat disturbing to our equanimity. No reader of this book, say, fifty years hence, will be ignorant of the fact that the period of which Mr. Onions writes is the opening decade of the twentieth century. Here it is in all its pushful resourcefulness, its contempt for mere beauty, its telephones, its typewriters, its cynicism and its slang. A picture of kaleidoscopic variety. But a pleasing one? Well—no!

For Mr. Onions is at war with the tendencies of the time. There is a certain note of vulgarity which has crept into English life during recent years. In society it has given us the "Smart Set," in journalism the "Yellow Press," and in politics—James Enderby Wace.

James Enderby Wace—the "Good Boy Seldom" of Mr. Onions' title—is as much a type as an individual. He surrounds us. He has his stock of ready-made maxims, which he discovers are admirably adapted for the guidance of other people—other people having been created by Providence to follow the lead, and incidentally to contribute to the enrichment of James Enderby Wace. He is nourished on the

pure milk of the "Samuelistic" Gospel, which is the gospel of Dr. Samuel Smiles, of the majority of politicians and of all successful men of business. It works very well for a time. "Good Boy Seldom" is seen successively as printer, advertising agent, manager of exhibitions, Member of Parliament, and floater of public companies. It is in this last capacity that he comes to grief. Speculation with other people's money is a game of considerable skill, and "Good Boy Seldom" found himself in the long run hopelessly outwitted.

Mr. Onions presses his points home with a remorseless severity. Never once in the course of the story are we permitted to lose sight of the essential meanness of its chief character, and, by a master stroke of irony, the successful swindler is revealed to us at last as a mere clumsy bungler, a common laughing stock.

In the earlier chapters of the novel—and from a purely descriptive point of view they are by far the best—Mr. Onions shows us the character of his hero developing amidst the drab surroundings of a Yorkshire manufacturing town. The atmosphere of the Nonconformist chapel is admirably conveyed, while such figures as Mrs. Enderby, Livy, Miriam Wace, Joe Dickinson, and the Reverend John Halsey prove that the author's sense of character is as keen as ever. Mr. Onions, indeed, is one of the few novelists whose artistic sincerity is never for a moment in doubt. He has already written one or two novels that, if we are not mistaken, are destined to permanence. But he has done nothing better than "Good Boy Seldom."

There Was a Widow. By MARY E. MANN. (Methuen and Co. 6s.)

MRS. MANN writes the sort of book which, we imagine, might be fashioned according to the receipt of a philosopher for light fiction suitable to nice people who are neither intellectual nor particularly stupid. Her work has a quiet finish, a complete ease of arrangement, and a leisurely, unheated pace which set it as far from unnatural excitement as from dullness. She appeals simply and honestly to the honest emotions and prejudices of honest average people. She is like that old type of "friend of the family" who never surprises, never disappoints, and is always on hand to do the right thing at the right moment. Her latest story tells of a young widow's tribulations, her difficulties in supporting herself and her three children, how people helped her, some grudgingly and snobbishly, some honestly and without fuss; how a rich cousin employed, courted, tyrannised over, and then forsook her, and how a gruff young doctor, with a gift for being splendidly rude, made love to her and won her. There is none of the art which reveals in this book, but much of the art which conceals itself. Mrs. Mann cannot see men with deeper eyes than other folk, but she can put them on paper just as other people see them, and she can charm the reader by exercising naturally all the natural emotions. These things commend her even to the intolerant critical person, and much more must they, assisted by Julia herself, gruff Doctor Burden, the children, Mr. Tredwell-Tann, and the Craskes, charm that wider and more facile audience known as the Public.

Vagabond City. By WINIFRED BOGGS. (G. P. Putnam's Sons. 6s.)

WE all know the journalist who has been everywhere and done everything, who talks cynically of his trade, and writes alternately *risqué* novels at two thousand pounds a time, and beautiful Nature-studies entitling him to rank among the masters of literature. His experiences are infinite; he is a familiar of the five nations and the seven seas; the East calls to him and the sea-spray and the open road. He is

witty in conversation, as some folks understand wit, and of an infinite self-possession. Usually he has a love affair with an unhappy ending, and ships off somewhere east of Suez. His original we accepted with thanks in "The Light that Failed," but he has turned up so often since that we are grown somewhat tired of him, and we begin to wish that the lady novelist with a taste for conventional unconventionality would leave him alone. According to the latest chronicles, set down by the hand of Miss Winifred Boggs, he marries a commonplace early love, whom he fancied himself in love with before he went on his ten years' wanderings, and goes to live in a rain-soaked cottage up on the edge of nowhere. A tame pig and a comic charwoman assist the progress of what for the sake of politeness we call the story, and presently the lady-painter, whom the journalist really loves, arrives and dies. "So as the dawn rose slowly, and splendour broke in the sky, he set his face toward the East." This sort of thing has, as we have hinted, been done very often, and it has often been better done than by Miss Winifred Boggs, who suffers a good deal from a hankering after cheap effects. She is by no means an untalented person, but she requires a good deal of education in the refinements of literature before she can command our respectful attention. And we would remind her that journalists are not all cut to one pattern, and that the pattern she uses is becoming very worn.

THE THEATRE

"THE WAR GOD" AT HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE

SIR HERBERT TREE described Mr. Israel Zangwill's play "The War God" as a "great effort," and, for ourselves, we must lay emphasis on the last word. It is a play with a purpose, a very up-to-date purpose which would meet with Mr. Stead's entire approval; but a play with a moral and ethical purpose is apt to be poor stuff from an histrionic point of view. "The Sign of the Cross" and "The Passing of the Third Floor Back" have been immensely successful, but they are, nevertheless, indifferent plays, and the latter would have degenerated into a farce without the superb and dignified acting of Mr. Forbes Robertson. Christianity was the theme of both these plays; but in "The War God" Mr. Zangwill has made Tolstoy the guiding spirit of the age. Tolstoy, having taken the Sermon on the Mount to heart, flies, as it were, to the stars, and from his lofty eminence denounces war and propagates a plea for Universal Love. Such a play, coming as it does with news of the wholesale slaughter of the Arabs, is not without its interest and prophetic import.

The most forcible and convincing character is Count Torgrim, Chancellor of Gothia, brilliantly played by Mr. Arthur Bouchier. Torgrim is evidently intended to represent Bismarck. We see him in his homely dressing-gown, pulling the strings of government, assisted by his Jew secretary, Karl Blum. We see him secretly laughing at the puppet King, and planning attacks on "perfidious Alba." He talks of battleships and airships. The spirit of warfare is in his blood, and he stands before us as a theoretical Napoleon, crafty, ambitious, much-hated, humorous, and wholly unscrupulous. One of his remarks is, "Leave Providence to work—with just a little push!" But this man of iron has a heart somewhere. He has a fanatic love for his handsome son Osric, a warm affection for his old and loquacious housekeeper, and between snuff-taking and politics he stands before the picture of his dead wife and extols her beauty and good qualities. He is a strange combination of affection and petulance, and labours

under the delusion that his way, the way of waging war upon his enemies, meets with the full approval of the God of Battle, for his conception of God is antique, and belongs entirely to the Old Testament.

While Torgrim is rejoicing in the success of his intrigues, and especially in the marriage he has arranged between the King and the Princess of Hunland, Count Frithiof (Tolstoy) confronts him. Frithiof, attired in peasant garb and leaning upon a stick, denounces the Chancellor. He describes battleships as floating on the tears of women, and Parliament as a number of fools set to govern still bigger fools—a teaching, by the way, hardly in keeping with the idea of brotherhood, but a teaching which met with considerable applause from the audience! Frithiof takes no notice of the Chancellor's heated reply. He goes on to describe the God of War as a man of business, and to assert that "the world must rest on love." The Chancellor, unable to contain his anger, strikes Frithiof on the cheek, while the old man quietly turns the other. Sir Herbert Tree, who takes this part, has presented a haunting picture of Tolstoy. He has succeeded in giving us the spirituality of the man, with that faint touch of ancestral pride which was with him to the last.

In the Second Act we find the King and his wife, a doll-woman worthy of a puppet-husband. The Third Act represents "The Revolutionary Camp in the Mountains," and from a scenic point of view is very fine indeed, with its snowcapped mountains against a night sky. In the foreground stands Frithiof, amid a number of smoking, chatting, and growling revolutionaries. There is a mock trial, so altogether one-sided that his accusers had already dug their victim's grave. Frithiof stands by his last resting-place—a noble and imposing figure, if a rather self-conscious saint. During his oration he utters the most laudatory advertisement an author has ever had on or off the stage, and the publishers of Tolstoy's books, if they happened to be present, ought to have clapped heartily. The mock trial over, Lady Norna (Miss Lillah McCarthy) passes the death-sentence upon a propagandist they are about to convert into a martyr. Brog, the leader of the revolutionary party, gives the order to fire. Four men at the word of command pull their triggers. We distinctly heard the report and saw the smoke, but this amiable saint still stood by his grave, as if to say: "So much for stage guns!" Brog, furious, commands his men to shoot again. They refuse on the ground that a miracle has taken place. The leader takes his revolver, and, standing about a yard off, fires at the bullet-proof saint with the same result! Baron Konrad, a funny old gentleman with glasses, brandishes a dagger, sees visions, and staggers away. Then it is that Miss Lillah McCarthy, who is a warm advocate of physical culture, remarking "Oh, these men!" with fine and, it must be admitted, well-deserved disdain, fires at the saint, who this time takes a clever header into his grave. The scene is unintentionally farcical.

It is rumoured in the concluding Act that the saint has ascended, and out of the miracle a new religious sect evolves. Osric becomes a Frithian, and renounces his military career. When, however, he learns that Lady Norna, with whom he is in love, has killed his master, he commits suicide. The Chancellor, who does not at first hear of his son's death, attempts to make merry with his secretary, Karl Blum; but this Jew has also become a Frithian, and in a fine speech withdraws from the service of the War God. Then the humiliated Torgrim hears of the death of his son, and also that the King has deprived him of office. Trouble comes thick and fast upon him, for, in addition to his other sorrows, he receives a visit from Lady Norna, who proposes to shoot him as effectually as she did the saint. But they have one trouble in common, Osric's death, and Lady Norna puts her

weapon aside and remarks that "expiation is to live." When the heart-broken old man is left alone, he hears a very creditable choral performance rendered by the Frithians. Music and singing succeed where Tolstoy's presence failed, and the curtain falls on the defeat of the War God—broken, crushed by his once most ardent worshipper. If "The War God" is a great effort rather than a great play, it is because Tolstoy's teachings do not lend themselves to reproduction on the stage. Tolstoy stood for Peace, and Peace is incompatible with drama.

BOWDLERISATION AGAIN

It is no use. We are tired of saying over and over again what is so true that it has become a commonplace. There is, and there will always be, one perfectly safe way in which to achieve a very well-earned failure on the London Stage. It is so simple and so certain that our managers cannot resist it. Buy the English rights of a French play that has been successful in Paris, hand it over to an adapter and produce the result with an attempted English atmosphere. Failure dogs the pen of the man who is foolish enough to Bowdlerise the piece and leans heavily upon the person who types the script. And when it comes finally to a production it does not matter how excellent the acting may be, how solid and realistic the scenery, how beautiful the dresses—every single man and woman who sits in the theatre on the first night is prepared to wager anything from a shilling to ten pounds before the curtain rises that there will be one more failure. Why, then, is it done? Why do these managers, so stupendously ignorant of what the public wants, persist, in the face of repeated lessons, in placing these things before a rapidly dwindling public? We ask the question, and we will now answer it. It is nothing more or less than sheer cowardice. Managers are afraid of original, untried, English work. They say to themselves, "Hullo! a new play in Paris. What do the critics say? Ah! they like it. How is it doing? Well? Then, by Jove, I'll buy it. If the French public like it, why shouldn't the English public?"

Why shouldn't the English public? Does this question really need an answer? First, second, third and last, because the English public knows very little, and cares less, for French manners, French ways of thought, and the stereotyped formula adopted and clung to by French dramatic authors. "But," replies the manager, extremely angry and with a vain attempt at dignity, "if a French play is cleverly translated into an English atmosphere, what has it got to do with France?" To which we have no answer. Just as there are "lies, damned lies, and statistics," there are fools, damned fools, and managers.

Mr. Cyril Maude has had very bad luck lately. He deserved to be very successful with "Pomander Walk" and "Rip Van Winkle." Both these plays failed in a manner difficult to explain. Perhaps he was unable to lay hands on a play by a well-known playwright, and has not yet realised the fact that he would be wise not to cast himself for leading parts but for quaint character parts, which would immediately give him a much wider choice of plays. Perhaps playwrights have a prejudice against the Playhouse as somewhat out of theatre-land, and do not therefore care to risk a production there. Be that as it may, Mr. Maude fell into an error which he has made before, and for which he paid dearly. He arranged with Mr. Charles Frohman for the English rights of a very poor thing in French plays which was written by those all too fluent farce-writers, MM. de Caillavet and de Flers, and called "Papa." We saw it in Paris. The first Act was dull, except for a very French scene between the father of the natural son and the village priest. The second Act depended for its laughter

entirely upon its *double entendre*, and the remainder of the play was feeble stuff. It must be said that the character of the lady-killer who shivered at the mere thought of losing his fascination, and fell genuinely in love with the girl to whom his son was engaged to be married, was drawn with amazing cynicism and a keen sense of satire, but on the whole the play lacked ingenuity, cohesion, and staying-power.

Any one could have told Mr. Maude on reading the translation of this piece that all the points which made it popular with French audiences were impossible on a London stage, and that without them the play was waste-paper. Why buy a French poodle idiotically and fantastically cut which would gain a prize in a Parisian dog show, and then, having covered him up with false hair, attempt to enter him for an English dog show which has no class for him? The process, to put it kindly, is Quixotic; to put it honestly, is unintelligent. We give the mongrel called "Dad" a short and ignominious career.

Conceive the wilful blindness of adapter and manager who can ask us to accept this "Dad." A man whose temperament has been left French although his conversation has been made English is called Sir Joseph Lorrimer, Bart. He has a flat in Knightsbridge, a *piéd à terre* in Mount Street, and a natural son in Cornwall. He is a man over fifty. He has been in the Diplomatic Service. He talks about his family being an old and honoured one. And yet we are asked to believe—remember that this is not a "Pink Dominoes" farce, but a polite English play, written by Captain John Kendall, who owed something to two Frenchmen whose names on the programme are barely large enough to be seen—that this well-bred person, whose life has been spent in the most civilised atmosphere, has never taken the trouble, or had the common decency, to see his son until he is a hulking lout of twenty-six or twenty-seven, and that when at last he does see him it is because a pretty girl to whom he has made doddering love has "laughed and laughed and laughed." This queer, contemptible, vacuous, vain, leering creature is Sir Joseph Lorrimer, Bart., an English gentleman in whom we are expected to be interested, with whom we are to laugh, and for whom we are presently asked to sympathise.

We have already met the son in his ridiculous village, in which nobody works. Dick has never shot a partridge or said "Boo" to a goose. He wears an old pair of riding-breeches, but has obviously never ridden a horse. He is made out to be a sort of yokel-philosopher—a placid, book-keeping, scenery-admiring, good-hearted, awkward, shy, old young man. He would be rather interesting in a one-Act play, or as a member of another branch of Mr. Granville Barker's Voysey family. He finds his father a very unnatural, foolish creature, and London horribly noisy, and after a row in which he sees no sincerity he returns to Cornwall with a new name and a sort of village notoriety. His silly father follows him, brings all his most snobbish and interfering ways to bear upon his son's perfectly comfortable and characteristic room, flirts with the girl his son is going to marry, and wins her—you will guess what kind of girl she is—for himself.

Not only has all the usual French spice been sliced out, but the satire has followed it, and the intention of the French authors has been twisted about and distorted and pulled out of shape so that the play might persuade people that it is home-made—a picture of life as we know it, a representation of men and women of the day, a polite English comedy with a touch of genuine sentiment at the end. In his endeavour to turn a French *hors d'œuvre* into a steak-and-kidney pudding Captain John Kendall has composed a dish which no sane man can swallow. The play would have had a better chance had it been translated word

for word and cut everywhere. Then, at any rate, whatever meaning there was in the thing would have been clear, and we should have been able to laugh at the confirmed lady-killer instead of being irritated and bored by being asked to laugh with him. In the French he was a genuinely comic figure. In the English he is wholly detestable, although Mr. Cyril Maude did his best and worked very hard to make him charming and likeable. Mr. Laurence Irving should have played the part as a Frenchman, wearing corsets and tight shoes and a *toupé*, and creaking beneath his artificial youthfulness.

The best piece of acting was that of Mr. Kenneth Douglas, who played with a rare sense of character and a most delightful repose and sincerity. He was the only living person among a set of dancing, restless dolls. Miss Alexandra Carlisle was not pleasing. Miss Marie Hemingway was most pleasing. Mr. Sam Sothorn was altogether unnecessary, and so were five other persons. Mr. Beveridge was utterly unlike a clergyman. He knew that he ought to have been a French *curé*, and naturally resented it.

The piece was preceded by a one-Act farce called "The Colonel and the Lady," by Messrs. Holman Clark and Dawson Milward. We can imagine it being highly to the taste of a mining town musical-hall audience.

POETRY AND SCIENCE

THE antagonism between poetry and science as a conscious factor of criticism is of comparatively recent growth, and its existence in modern times as a somewhat novel phenomenon is due to a number of converging causes; to the amazing advances of scientific research and discovery, and of learning generally; to the marked tendency towards specialisation which has been the necessary outcome of this same overstepping of the hitherto accepted bounds of human knowledge. The modern scholar is losing something of that infinite zest for the indiscriminate acquirement of learning which was characteristic of bygone generations of students, ardent spirits who devoured with insatiable avidity all that the known world had to offer for their delectation. The Elizabethan, as an instance, was as essentially an adventurer and freebooter in the realms of learning as he was in respect of his roving expeditions to the Spanish Main. He considered as his lawful prize anything and everything of value that came his way. With a curious mixture of credulity and amusement he would make a conscientious study of astrology and witchcraft; he would adorn his emotional effusions with quaint conceits from an antiquated and fabulous natural history. His energy was of that unbounded and unsophisticated sort which is characteristic of a nation in its youth. The subdivision of learning into so many "ologies" and "onomies," from which it were advisable to select a few for nearer acquaintance, was a procedure the necessity of which never presented itself to his mind.

The modern mind, however, has long been conscious of its limitations, recognising that unless breadth be sacrificed to depth mere superficiality is apt to result. Hence we live in an age of specialisation, and the man of really broad interests is somewhat of a curiosity. Figures of the majestic breadth of a Sir Philip Sidney have vanished with the spacious times which gave them birth. In their place we have begoggled specialists, accumulators of hard fact, mere technicalities, men who would "peep and botanise" over their dear ones' graves.

One of the main results of the new practice of specialisation is the construction of a hard-and-fast line of demarcation

between what is mainly scientific and what is mainly literary. Any system of education which tends to render the student partial and one-sided is faulty, for the end of education is the development of the sum-total of one's faculties; it is an attempt to reduce the mind to that ideal of symmetry which has been destroyed by accident of birth and environment. Education implies not only development, but also the levelling of irregularities. The tendency to specialise is the natural outcome of a universal inclination to develop along the lines of least resistance; and education, so regarded, becomes a means of accentuating an already existing lack of equipoise.

It is not specialisation, however, which is wholly responsible for the creation of the scientific attitude towards life, on the one hand, and of the poetic attitude on the other. It has merely been the means of fostering and of exaggerating a distinction which is fundamentally existent in the human race for all time, and which has its root in natural divergencies of temperament. The kingdom of letters is divided against itself, and various individuals, according to their particular inherited bent of mind, are led to cast in their lot with either one or the other of the opposing factors. In the one camp are the scientists; in the other are the poets. They are two well-defined species of beings, differing in constitution, in tastes, and in outlook upon life. They are not greatly concerned about arriving at a reconciliation, and it must be confessed that, for the more wholehearted of the disputants, reconciliation is wellnigh impossible. Lack of sympathy, and an unwillingness to appreciate the other's point of view, is responsible for much of the "mutual contempt, dispraise and blame" which divides them.

If one were to attempt to extract a definite statement of the questions at issue, one would be presented with much that is elusive. In a conflict which brings the combatants into grips with life itself, much honest endeavour, resulting in much moral waste, is expended in the employment of their resources against each other. There is a wilful ignoring of the fact that unbounded possibilities lie open to their united strengths. By another strange stroke of irony, there will be found in both camps men who have been influenced to take up arms by force of accident rather than by conviction, men whose avocation in life has been determined by external exigencies. But far outnumbering either faction are the neutrals who swarm between both camps, beings whose sympathies are divided. Of these is constituted the great body of humanity. The quarrel is after all confined to the leaders, who, like most propagandists, are somewhat abnormal. Man, an infinitely complex animal, is composed of a blending of aptitudes neither wholly scientific nor wholly poetical. There is no normal being, scientific or otherwise, who has not at times felt the peculiar charm which is characteristic of a poem of genuine inspiration; who has not been at least momentarily obsessed by the idea of the ephemerality of the physical world, and of the spirituality which is higher than mere matter. Yet every normal being is subject to moods when the converse presents itself to his mind as the truth; when the unseen becomes the unreal; and when he is tempted to accept as authentic nothing which is not supported by the testimony of his senses.

In spite of the possibility of this interchange of mood, the differences between the scientific and the poetic attitudes towards life do actually exist in all tangibility, and in no respect is the inherent duality of human nature more apparent than in the existence of these two personalities in every man. Hence it will not be altogether fanciful to maintain that the poet and the scientist in every man are to a certain extent interchangeable. The classification of a human being under either head will then be dependent upon the preponderance of either personality, the exercise of habit or of natural inclination being ultimately capable of so developing

the one as almost to eliminate the other. The man in whom science predominates will be systematic and rational. He will treat of things as they stand to outward view. He has obvious limitations. The whole world of passion and emotion is to him a sealed volume; the exercise of those faculties and perceptions which render the process of living one's life something other than the working of a machine is proscribed to him, in so far as he is a scientist pure and simple. With the material world the poet is only concerned in so far as it is a necessary basis to, and productive of, the emotions. Whatever he sees is subjected to the transforming influence of imagination. He so interprets the external world as to arrive at the spiritual and essential truth that underlies all things, but often his imagination has so modified the external seeming as to render it no longer recognisable to the scientific mind, for whom, therefore, the divinely inspired faculty is merely moonshine.

Despite their vast incompatibilities, the world is wide enough to accommodate both the scientist and the poet—nay, it has absolute need for both, not, however, as antagonists, but as workers in different spheres to one great end, the highest obtainable interpretation of life. There is no reason why such mutual criticism as is bound to arise should not be turned into beneficial channels, serving to correct the extravagance to which both temperaments are prone. But for the violence of mutual contempt and for the pre-determination to make no effort to sympathise or understand there can be no excuse:—

Philosophy will clip an angel's wings,
Conquer all mysteries by rule and live,
Empty the haunted air and gnomed mire—

said Keats, voicing the sentiment of brother poets. The future may reveal to the world the phenomenon of a soul equally gifted with passionate ardour, to whom such an expression will be distasteful, but it will only come to pass when the scientist recognises in the poet one greater than he who " . . . gives to airy nothing a local habitation and a name."

J. H. F.

THE REVIVAL OF PRINTING

II.—THE KELMSCOTT PRESS

THE privately printed books described in the last article differ among themselves in many ways: some are elegant in design and printed as well as any book could be, others leave on the mind of the practical printer an impression that they were "printed with blacking on blotting-paper;" but all of them are alike in this—that they were dependent on the ordinary resources of the printing trade of their time for the supply of all the elements which build up a book, and under the circumstances could hope at the best only to equal the finer commercial printing of the day. In few cases indeed was this ideal attained, while the only element of originality they could import into their work was that obtained by the use of woodcut initials and tailpieces. During the nineteenth century the general tendency of the printing trade was in the direction of a progressive deterioration of form. A desire for economy led to a lateral compression of the form of the letter, so that a larger number of words could be printed in a given length of line, and in consequence a thinner curve was used to avoid the danger of clogging the narrow letter with ink, and less ink was used in printing, the result being a much lighter page. A further deterioration in commercial printing set in with the production of

eccentric types of all sorts, designed only to catch the eye by novelty of form.

This was the position when William Morris turned his attention to the production of fine books. We have learnt something of his methods from Mr. Mackail's biography, and more from his daughter's delightful introductions to the volumes of his complete works. He had early discovered that in any attempt to revive an art or craft it was essential to master the ancient processes and to obtain trustworthy material to work on. His whole life was spent in learning and teaching one industrial art after another. But as a writer he had always been interested in the beauty of books. In the "sixties" and "seventies" he had projected an edition of the "Earthly Paradise" to be produced in small numbers and illustrated by Burne-Jones. Later he had begun to produce manuscripts—editions of one—written and partly decorated by his own hand. One of the smallest of these may be seen to-day in the show-cases at the British Museum, and many others exist. At last, towards the close of the "eighties," when the wonderful series of prose romances was beginning, he turned his attention to the subject of printing. Among the printers of the day one firm stood out not only for the goodness of its work, but for the fact that it had been foremost in the return to a better type of letter. William Morris accordingly went to it for the printing of "The House of the Wolfings" in 1888 and "The Roots of the Mountains" in 1889. The type for these books had been modelled by Messrs. Whittingham on an old Basel fount many years before, and had been used for the trial pages of the illustrated "Earthly Paradise" in 1868, but the chief new point about these books was the arrangement of the printed matter on the page.

The tradition of the manuscript books of the Middle Age, from which we also derive the form of our letters, taught him those rules about the relative size and position of the margins which now govern all well-printed books: the inner margin the narrowest of all, and each increasing by one-fifth or more through top, outside, and lower margins—an increase justified both by utility and beauty. But the close supervision he gave to the production of "The House of the Wolfings" revealed to him another element in the beauty of a book—the art of type-setting. "The arrangement of the words, I mean the spacing-out, . . . makes all the difference in the beauty of a page of type. If ever I print another book I shall enter into the conflict on this side also. However, this is all grief that comes of fresh knowledge. . . ." "The Roots of the Mountains" gives proof of this fresh knowledge; it was perhaps the most harmonious book that had been published in modern times, but Morris, after the first joy of production had passed off, was still dissatisfied. Early in 1890 he set to work on designing his type, and by January, 1891, a house had been taken and a compositor and pressman engaged, after a short hesitation as to the advisability of entrusting the work to some existing firm.

The history of the Kelmscott Press, so named from the beloved old village on the Upper Thames which was the poet's resting-place in life and death, is so well known as not to need a lengthy narrative. The first book issued from it, "The Story of the Glittering Plain," was issued in May, 1891. He died October 3rd, 1896, and the last issue of the Press, "A Note by William Morris on his Aims in Founding the Kelmscott Press," appeared in March, 1898. In these seven years fifty-two complete works were printed, as well as a very large number of lists, leaflets, and specimens. The books were of all shapes and sizes, from small 16mo.s of a few inches square to the stately folios of the "Chaucer" and the large quartos of "The Golden Legend," and other similar volumes. Some were plain to the verge of simplicity, others decorated with all the beauty of ornament his

practised invention could suggest; others again illustrated with lavish richness. Every detail in their production had been considered with an eye not only to its own charm and fitness, but to its harmony and beauty in design and execution. They differed, in all essentials and in many particulars, from all other modern books up to their time in aim and aspect.

Fifteen years have passed since the death of William Morris, and it is still too early to pronounce definitely on the question whether he has produced the ideal book or no. A great artist has to form his public, and there is so much bad printing still being set forth that the critic's eye is daily being injured and his taste impaired. To many of us the severe simplicity of some later books has a special attraction. Our distaste for ornament is well justified by the prevalence of debased forms of it. There can be no question that Morris gave the world the finest illustrated and decorated book that was ever issued in the "Chaucer," which far surpasses in design and execution the beautiful German *incunabula* he admired so greatly. Judgment in these matters is an affair of taste, and taste can only be cultivated by familiarity with the masterpieces of the art.

A visit to a little exhibition of fine printing now open in Grafton Street will reveal many of the secrets of Morris's way of working. Here will be seen a few of the enlarged photographs of fine Venetian printing of the fifteenth century, from which he drew and redrew every letter of the alphabet until he had mastered the secret of its construction; and here, too, are some of the letters which when drawn were reduced in size by photography for the engraver's use. Every one who knew him at the time can bear witness to how this subject filled his mind. The writer has sat with him when he was engaged in important business, and all the while his hand was unconsciously filling the sheet of scrap paper before him with decorated letters and panels of ornament. He designed two complete founts of type for the Press—a Roman and a Gothic, the latter of which was recut in a smaller size for use in the "Chaucer." These Gothic types are perhaps unsuitable to modern works: they convey a sentiment which befits ornamented mediæval books. The Roman type, on the other hand, has had an immediate influence on the design of modern type. It is designed in careful relation to the up and down strokes, rests on solid serifs, and avoids the exaggeration of thick and thin strokes. Its effect strikes an eye accustomed to bad printing as too black. As to his ornament, the exhibition reveals that much of it was designed as brush-work; but the proofs shown indicate the close supervision given to every line of the engraver's proofs. His borders were founded on German work of the best period, slightly modified by Italian influences. All the ornament, borders, capitals, "bloomers," &c., were designed by Morris himself, engraved on the wood, and usually printed from a stereo-cast. The illustrations by Burne-Jones were usually wash drawings, redrawn in line for and retouched by him, cut on the wood, and printed from stereos. The paper used in the Kelmscott books, like all the other materials used, was made for Morris under his own supervision, and he even insisted on learning how to make it himself. The earliest batches were made from clippings of sailcloth, but this proved too hard for printing, and he was obliged to fall back upon pure linen rags: the paper was chosen for its regular thickness and slightly damped in use to avoid a gritty appearance in the black, the pressure giving a faint embossed appearance to the pages. The vellum gave him great difficulty to procure till at last a constant supply was obtained from the works at Brentford. The octavo books were all bound in a coarser smooth vellum with silk ties. For his own copies he preferred a vellum showing the hair-marks and stains of the skin, which was

usually considered unsaleable. A few copies of "Poems by the Way" were bound in stained or coloured vellum.

A few words may be said as to the price of these books. One often hears that Kelmscott books have lost their value. Let us distinguish. No Kelmscott book is obtainable to-day for twice its published price, and many of them fetch ten times their original value. But soon after Morris's death a sort of speculative mania possessed the second-hand dealers, and the Kelmscott books became mere counters in a gambling game, which was assisted by the fact that all but a few of the books were held by private purchasers. As the prices rose these copies began to come into the market, and in time the booksellers interested found themselves left with a comparatively large number of costly books on their hands, the possible purchasers of which had been frightened by the exaggerated prices asked. Persons who bought at the top of the market will not get their money back, most probably; but the book-buyer who purchased at publication, or who buys these books now at about double their published price, has a perfectly safe investment as well as an abiding joy in his possession.

ROBERT STEELE.

DELHI

UNDER AFGHAN DYNASTIES

WHILE Ala-ud-din Khilji, whose crimes obtained for him the title of "The Sanguinary," was on the throne at Delhi between 1295 and 1317, there occurred in 1298 another and more serious Mogul invasion from Central Asia. Two hundred thousand horsemen marched upon Delhi, committing every species of atrocity on their way. Ala-ud-din went out to oppose them, and with the aid of his able General inflicted on them a terrible chastisement. But the General had distinguished himself too greatly, and the jealous master contrived to leave him unsupported during the pursuit, so that he was cut off, dying with a bravery worthy of his reputation. There were several other irruptions of the Moguls in this reign. They are said to have bivouacked for two months in the suburbs of Delhi. The invaders were unsuccessful, and vast numbers of them perished in these attempts. In 1303 Ala-ud-din built the city of Siri (now Shahpur village), about four miles southwest of Indrapat, but the walls were removed by the usurper Sher Shah to provide materials for his later city. The last of the Khilji Kings was killed in 1321 in a revolt, in which Delhi was for five months at the mercy of Hindu rebels, until it was suppressed.

The first ruler of the Tughlak dynasty (1321-1412), Ghiyas-ud-din Tughlak (1321-5), called Tughlak Shah, established in his short reign the new capital Tughlakabad, on high ground five miles east of the Kutb Minar. The change to Tughlakabad may have been made in order to escape from Hindu revolts which had occurred at Delhi; or, as other changes of the site of the city were perhaps made, for the sake of the water supply. There are considerable remains at Tughlakabad of a fortified city, impressive and various, some of the finest ruins in the world. The fortifications are large masses of masonry: besides the gates and bastions there are underground galleries. Rebellion might easily have been suppressed. Deserted streets, mosques, waterworks, tombs, palaces, and gardens still mark the site of the third city, but the ruins are desolate and uninhabited. This monarch had some differences with a Delhi Saint, Nizam-ud-din Aulia, who was supposed to have driven, by supernatural means, from Delhi one night in a panic a large number of Moguls, who invaded India from Transoxiana in 1303: they laid close siege to Delhi, in which Ala-ud-din was

shut up without troops to defend himself, his armies being engaged in Southern India. When the Saint heard that Tughlak Shah was coming to chastise him, his only reply was, "Dilhi hanoz dur ast" (Delhi is still far off). The saying has become a proverb equivalent to the English, "There is many a slip between the cup and the lip." The reign of Juna Khan, best known as Sultan Muhammad Tughlak (1325-1351), was a very remarkable period. He had many qualities making for greatness, but the wildness of his schemes, and his general conduct as a ruler, exhibited him as suffering from a touch of insanity. One of his many freaks was the attempt to transfer the seat of Empire from Delhi to Deogiri, now Daulatabad, in the Deccan, more than 800 miles away. He thrice compelled the people of Delhi to migrate to the new capital, and many thousands perished in the mad scheme, which was afterwards abandoned. The misery was so intense that the Emperor had to order their return to Delhi, which had been ruined by the attempt. Ibn Batuta, the traveller from Tangier, visited Delhi in 1341. He was received with great respect and given a legal appointment, but, seeing some instances of Muhammad's capricious and cruel temper, he resigned his office. The Emperor, without taking offence, attached him to an embassy to China, and thus honourably dismissed him. His accounts of India are highly interesting.

Between Siri and the Old Delhi of Rai Pithora, and in order to connect them, the insane Muhammad Tughlak erected the defences of the area called the Jahanpanah (refuge of the world), about 1328, with thirteen or more gates. Its walls also were removed later by Sher Shah. The insane Tughlak was succeeded by his nephew, Firoz-ud-din (1351-88), who lived to the age of ninety, ruled humanely and liberally, and promoted many public works, the Firoz Canal being the most important; "the good days" of this ruler are not forgotten. About 1360 he removed the city of Delhi to the new site, which he called Firozabad, not a walled city, occupying all the ground between Humayun's tomb, four miles south of Delhi, and the Ridge on the north, thus including most of the site of modern Delhi. Amid the ruins of this Prince's palace, in his Kotila (citadel) just outside the modern south gate, stands one of the famous *lâts*, or pillars, originally erected by Asoka (272-232 B.C.). This monolith, 42ft. in height, is known as Firoz Shah's *lât*, or pillar, as it was brought by him from Topra, near Khizrabad, in the district of Ambala. It is composed of pale pink sandstone, and bears a Pali inscription. A fragment of a second pillar was found lying in the ground near Hindu Rao's house, on the Ridge, north of Delhi.

During the reign of another Muhammad Tughlak (1394-1412), while provinces were in rebellion, and Delhi itself was torn with civil strife, there occurred the terrible calamity of the invasion of the Tartar chief, Tamerlane (Timur the lame), who laid the Empire waste and was declared Emperor of Delhi. He greatly resembled Chengiz Khan, but, unlike him, was a man of great intellect and very considerable learning. He was a Turk, and had subdued all Central and Western Asia. His tomb is at Samarkand. He reached Delhi in December, 1398, and gave it over for five days to indiscriminate pillage and massacre, first killing all his prisoners above fifteen years of age, a vast multitude. Dead bodies choked the streets. Timur feasted and enjoyed the sight. He then proceeded to a mosque to offer up his sincere and humble tribute of praise to the Divine Majesty. When at last even the Mogul's appetite for bloodshed was satiated the invaders retired, carrying off into slavery large numbers of men and women. Timur afterwards proceeded to Meerut and repeated the tragedy; thence to Hurdwar; and left India in March, 1399, with immense booty.

For two months Delhi remained desolate and absolutely

without government until Muhammad Tughlak recovered a small fragment of his former Empire. In 1412 he died, and his successors, the Saiyyids (1412-1450), professing to regard themselves as Viceroys of the Mogul, scarcely possessed any territory beyond the walls of Delhi, the whole amounting to a petty principality. The Lodis, a powerful family, the last of the Afghans, ruled at Delhi from 1450 to 1526. In 1503 Sikander II., in whose reign the Portuguese first landed at Calicut in South-western India, made Agra the capital, but Delhi retained much of its former importance. One of the chiefs, Daulat Khan Lodi, Governor of the Panjab, revolting against the ruler Ibrahim Lodi, called in Sultan Babar, the Tartar ruler of Kabul. The whole career and character of Babar form a most entertaining story, but only a few years of his life belong to Indian history, and only a portion of them to Delhi.

DELHI—UNDER THE MOGULS

Babar took Lahore, burnt the city, and in 1526 advanced on Delhi with an army of 12,000 men. Ibrahim Lodi, with a greater force, met Babar at Panipat (the second battle fought there), but was killed in the action. Babar thus founded the Mogul dynasty and ruled for four years, 1526-30. Half Tartar, half Mogul by birth, he detested the latter race, though the dynasty assumed the name. He soon extended his territories beyond the immediate neighbourhood of Delhi and Agra so as to include much of Upper India. Not all of his followers liked India; one of them, on returning to Kabul, wrote up a couplet on several walls in Delhi:—

If I pass the Sind (Indus) safe and sound,
May shame take me if I ever again wish for Hind.

The glories of the Mogul Empire lasted under the Emperors Babar, Humayun, Akbar, Jehangir, Shah Jehan, and Aurangzeb from 1526 to 1707, when, from various reasons, decadence set in and it broke up; the Mahrattas became the dominant power for a time, and then the English succeeded. Though Delhi was not always the residence of the Emperor, it was the principal city of the Mogul Empire in India, and it is Delhi as it existed in these reigns that has now, as always, to be considered.

MUSIC

It is amusing to think what the feelings of our early Wagnerians would have been five-and-twenty years ago had Covent Garden, or any other theatre, proposed to alternate the sublime evenings devoted to the "Ring" with performances of mere ballets. It would have seemed to them a blasphemy too grotesque for contemplation; for the typical disciple of the new operatic school was often as ignorant as he was narrow, and the word "ballet" conveyed no meaning to him except of something as frivolous as it was obsolete. Such names as Taglioni and Elssler, when he came across them in Thackeray or a book of memoirs, only brought him visions of a horribly degraded period when Bellini and Donizetti were thought delightful. He did not know that in those days people appreciated Mozart's operas, and Gluck's, and "Fidelio" quite as much as he appreciated "Rheingold," in spite of the fact that they could be none the less pleasantly entertained by the art of wonderful singers in lighter music; and that in their joy in the ballet they showed themselves to have as correct a sense of beauty as their grandchildren who found the supremest satisfaction to their taste in a music-drama by Wagner.

Now we are allowed, even by the most intolerant, to admire a fine ballet, and have been amused this autumn by finding thorough-going Wagnerians in an agonising

dilemma—shall they go to the "Ring" or to the Russians? But the production of "Giselle" has brought a little comfort to the embarrassed purists whose former belief that ballets belonged to an age of folly had been recently shaken by "Les Sylphides" and "Scheherazade." If all the music to which the Taglioni had to dance was like that of "Giselle," then it is clear that the brilliant society which accounted "Giselle" to be the very flower of ballets was a trivial, uncritical society. Beautiful dancing, when seen in combination with red-hot modern music and colouring, or with delicate Chopin and Schumann, is, no doubt, a highly agreeable form of art; but our fathers seem not only to have put up with, but to have delighted in, poor music, pale effects, and a nonsensical story, as well as in the graceful movements of a *première danseuse*—thus they argue and declare poor "Giselle," to be a survival from a bad period, unworthy to be presented in these days which know "Cléopâtre" and "Prince Igor." Less difficult to please, perhaps, than our critical neighbours, we rejoiced in the opportunity of seeing "Giselle," and thought it an exceedingly attractive piece.

It was interesting to see the kind of ballet which Princess Lieven and Lady Palmerston, and the beautiful Sheridans had been thrilled by; and interesting also to see what two such men as Heine and Théophile Gautier had accomplished when they put their heads together to design a ballet for Carlotta Grisi. But we liked "Giselle" apart from consideration of its date and origin. It provided a welcome contrast to the more gorgeous and palpitating modern ballets. No doubt the appearance of the *revenants* filled the audience of seventy years ago with an awe which we should not be likely to feel, but the story is very much of its time, and it is set to easy tunes which are very much of their time. As an exhibition of miming and dancing it is as fruitful as any of its successors, and the scene with the Willis is very like the "Sylphides," and almost as beautiful.

Mme. Pavlova and M. Nijinsky have shown us no more astounding instance of their superiority to the laws of gravitation than in their *pas de deux* from the "Golden Bird." But, wonderful as this was, it was not so great an artistic treat as some of the other dances; once or twice Nijinsky was too much like an indiarubber toy worked by a string from the ceiling, and we prefer him when he is not making us giddy.

The Philharmonic Society has recently made some changes in the Cabinet which directs its operations, and it started on its present season with a concert which was memorable and remarkably successful. Would that the venerable society could see its way to inviting M. Mengelberg to conduct more of its concerts. His magnificent powers as a conductor seemed to have surprised his London audience not a little. He is compared with Nikisch and Weingartner, and it is asked whether he is not actually so great as to be considered the legitimate successor of Richter in English affections. We have been fortunate enough to hear him on the Continent in recent years, and therefore his success at the Philharmonic Concert was no surprise to us. We have long regarded him as on the same level as Richter, and believed that as a conductor of Bach's music he had no rival. Another celebrity who contributed to the *éclat* of this concert was M. Rachmaninoff, whose fame amongst us rests on a single composition, which has, we should suppose, been thumped by every pair of hands that can stretch an octave. It may seem strange, but he does not make his famous prelude so effective as many another pianist. Perhaps he is bored by it now, and, if he is, one cannot wonder, for, clever and original as it is, the hard usage to which it has been put during the last ten years would have been too much for many a better piece.

This autumn season is not witnessing quite so great an

invasion of young people making their first appearance as is usual. Whether Miss Melville and Miss Hackworth—two young pianists who recently played in Queen's and Bechstein halls—are actually *débutantes* as far as London is concerned we do not know; but, at any rate, we had not heard them before. Miss Melville is a highly competent artist, with a quiet, pleasant, assured style, which enabled her to give correct and sympathetic interpretations of Beethoven's "Emperor" concerto and Schumann's beautiful work in A minor. She is brilliant, also, when there is occasion, as there was in a new concerto by Henryk Melcer, which had gained the "Rubinstein Prize" at Berlin. This was by no means bad for a prize composition, for it was marked by vigour, if not by great originality, and gave plenty of opportunity for legitimate piano effects. Miss Hackworth essayed music which is at present beyond her powers. Bach suffers long, and is kind under almost every variety of ill-treatment, but he cannot bear it when his *allegro* movements are scrambled over. A big sonata by Beethoven demands the possession of considerable variety of tone on the part of the pianist, and Miss Hackworth alternated between a thin *mezzo forte* and a harsh and hard *fortissimo*. She did not "bang," but she "slapped" the piano when she wished to be loud, and the resulting sound was far from pleasant. In Franck's Prelude, Choral, and Fugue she was not certain of her notes, but this might have been forgiven had she been accurate in following the composer's careful directions about expression, and had she refrained from taking liberties with the time. Perhaps these great works should be left to the great players, though we can well understand and sympathise with Miss Mackworth's desire to play them.

Messrs. Broadwood's delightful concerts have included one at which the playing of the "London Quartett," led by Mr. Gammon, and with Mr. Mundy as second violoncello, of Schubert's Quintett in C was masterly and admirably sympathetic. Their playing in Tchaikowsky's rather too familiar Quartett in D had not prepared us for anything so fine as their work in the Quintett, especially in the F minor section in the *adagio*, where every point was minutely attended to, and the whole given with remarkable breadth. Miss Alice Mandeville sang several beautiful songs, pre-eminent among them being Franck's "Nocturne," with musician-like accomplishment.

Mischa Elman had very great success at his recital, and deservedly, for his lovely tone and his impeccable intonation added to what has become a quiet, earnest style, must be agreeable to all but those who look out for spots in suns. His playing of the "Chaconne" was so promising that we see no reason to doubt that he may become even a great Bach player some day.

Mr. Hammerstein's new opera-house in Kingsway was inaugurated last Monday with a performance of M. Nougé's "spectacular" opera "Quo Vadis." Of this, as of "Guillaume Tell" and "Norma," we shall speak next week.

ART

OLD ENGLISH MASTERS AT MESSRS. KNOEDLER'S

THE Exhibition of some seventeen selected pictures by the Old English Masters which has been opened at Messrs. Knoedler's Galleries in Old Bond Street in aid of the National Loan Exhibition Fund is well worth a visit. That Fund is one which should receive the hearty support of every lover of his country at the present juncture. It is an evil sign of the times that good pictures are steadily leaving England in exchange for that ready money which is increasingly becoming a necessity to the impoverished owners of

valuable pictures. More and more is this the case with the great pictures of the English eighteenth-century masters—the one great school of painting which our country has produced. Nothing, one would have thought, but the direst pressure would tempt the owners of such pictures, and the descendants of those whom they portray, so to disregard the prestige of their families as to part with these honoured and priceless heirlooms. But it is certain either that such a pressure has arisen or that the Englishmen of to-day are indifferent to the sentimental considerations involved. Such portraits are falling in ever-increasing numbers into the hands of unappreciative millionaires in the great Republic of Mammon beyond the seas. The National Loan Exhibition Fund does something to stem the ebbing tide by rousing the English public to a certain amount of appreciation of the treasures which are still left to us; and this may eventuate in some more solid action to preserve these masterpieces for the posterity of Englishmen in England.

The most noteworthy features in this Exhibition are portraits by Hoppner and Raeburn. In nearly every case the Hoppners shown have suffered much from so-called restoration and cleaning. Two of them especially it was our fortune to have seen before they had undergone this process, and while it is true that their brilliancy has been greatly enhanced, it is certain also that they have lost much in mellowness and atmosphere, and have been imbued with a hotness of colour and hardness of tone which we can hardly believe was characteristic of them when the pictures were new. What has probably happened is that the soft and impalpable glazes that gave the pictures their mellowness and atmosphere have been dissolved in the restoring process which removed the discoloured varnish, producing that effect of hardness and almost crudity which we now deplore. Allowing for this, however, some of the criticisms which have been passed upon these pictures are needlessly severe. The portrait of Charlotte, wife of Robert Sympson, has been an especial sufferer: it could never have been upon Hoppner's highest level; the drawing is poor, and the pose commonplace; but it was and still is a fine piece of colour, though hardened in contrasts and outline by the restoring process.

The restorer, too, has much to answer for in the treatment accorded to the portrait group of Lady Mornington and her boys. The colour scheme is royal in its richness, but the softening glaze has gone, and it now stands out hard and staring. Even so, however, it is a fine piece of work. If the figures are somewhat self-conscious in their pose, they are also individual in their personalities, and the little lad looking over his mother's shoulder is in Hoppner's happiest vein. Lady Mornington herself is a dignified and characteristic figure; and whatever the modern critic may say, it is quite evident from the published correspondence regarding her picture that it was valued by her descendants as an excellent likeness. The artist is in good form, too, in his portrait of the Ladies Sarah and Catharine Bligh, which the present writer was privileged to see hanging in their ancient home at Cobham Hall, unrestored, and the more beautiful for that, and for more homelike surroundings. Hoppner's relations with the Darnley family were evidently of the pleasantest, and his hearty liking for them, and his admiration for their beautiful home, appears in every one of the delightful portraits which he painted of them. It would be difficult to gather a more pleasing collection of Hoppner's works than those which portray the Darnleys—his two portraits of Lady Darnley, and the full length one of her little son are among the very finest that he ever painted, irresistible in the stately beauty of the mother and in the bright boyishness of the young heir. Virginal grace is the note of the two sisters shown here, and if the picture

is hardly on the same level as that of the less self-conscious Frankland maidens, it is not unworthy to hang beside that masterpiece. The setting, too, is exceedingly effective—a bank overshadowed with trees, in a glade of Cobham Park, with a distant view of the Thames through the trees, and the barges sailing upon it. But best of all, to our mind, of Hoppner's pictures in this collection is the clever portrait of Lady Redesdale, a fine piece of sympathetic characterisation, which shows a delicate-looking, demure, almost Puck-like little face, of considerable cleverness and a charm independent of beauty, painted in a curiously modern style reminiscent of another masterpiece from the same brush—the portrait of the Duchess-Countess of Sutherland, which used to hang at Trentham before that stately home was broken up.

Raeburn is represented by some exceedingly virile portraits. His style is simple and direct, his colouring pure and beautiful. He never permits himself to be confused by detail, and yet he never appears to omit anything. In this Exhibition he has some powerful works, mostly male portraits, among which the finest is perhaps that of Robert Hodshon Cay, a Judge of the Admiralty Court, painted in his robes—a shrewd and powerful face, splendidly rendered. Another fine portrait is that of James Hepburn, now exhibited for the first time. Turner is represented by two large canvases in his earlier style; the sky, the atmosphere, and the water are recognisably his, but in the hardness and multiplication of foreground detail, wonderful though it is, it would be difficult to recognise the great artist of later years. Gainsborough has two small portraits to his credit, neither of which has previously been exhibited nor recorded as his. That of John Bragge is a passable piece of work; and that of Lady Innes in her blue taffeta dress is a fine specimen of his earlier style—somewhat hard and suggestive of the French pastellists, but superb in its mastery of minute detail and in the rendering of the texture and folds of the dress. There is a landscape, too, from the same hand, a typical piece of work full of light and atmosphere—this also has not previously been exhibited. John Opie is represented by a portrait of Miss Anna Seward, not a remarkable work; and Romney by an exceedingly pleasant portrait of an old lady, full of kindness and the shrewd insight of old age; it was painted in the spring of 1780. The fine group known as "The Oddie Children"—familiar to the world in engravings—is a favourite example of Beechey's work. The two children on the left of the picture are quite charming, and the little girl especially is worthy of Romney in his happiest mood. The picture was exhibited in the Academy of 1791. It is not stated who is the present owner.

Lastly, there are two fine full-lengths by Francis Cotes, portraits of Sir Griffith Boynton and his wife—both good, though somewhat over-laboured in detail—harmonious in their subdued, pearly colouring, and marked by wonderful finish in the rendering of elaborate costume. The portrait of Lady Boynton is particularly striking, easy in pose, natural, and shyly characteristic in expression; a very charming piece of work, which will probably attract much attention. Francis Cotes may be described as one of the forerunners of the great English School, with which he was quite worthy to be ranked. A collection of pictures by him would be both interesting and instructive.

THE LONDON INSTITUTION

MR. SPENCER LEIGH HUGHES, M.P., gave a most amusing lecture before the London Institution on Monday last, his theme being "Oddities in Parliament"—not so much oddities of person as peculiarities of procedure and methods. He pointed out that many things which surprise us are by

no means new; with regard to the woman's suffrage question, for example, women did actually sit in the Saxon Parliament, and the assembly of olden time known as the Witenagemote (gathering of wise men) should have borne a name signifying a gathering of wise men and women. Nor is the payment of Members a new idea: at one time each constituency paid its own Members.

Members, said Mr. Hughes, used to be fined for laxity of attendance, also for absence from prayers. At present the representatives of the Press are excluded from prayers—a fact which Members explain by remarking that "the Press is past praying for," and the Press explains by retorting that Members "need prayers much more than any respectable man on the Press." Mr. Hughes, as was to be expected, poked fun at the House of Lords, and gave his experiences of the famous "grille" incident, noting that even the interference of women in Parliament was not unprecedented. On a historic occasion in the year 1738, according to accounts given by Lady Mary Wortley Montagu and confirmed by Horace Walpole, a body of peeresses, led by the Duchess of Queensberry, astonished the House by "volleys of raps and screams" from nine till five o'clock. With an amusing dissertation on the tactics of the obstructionists and on maiden speeches, Mr. Hughes brought his most entertaining paper to a close amid hearty applause.

BOOKS IN PREPARATION

THE motto adopted by Stephen Swift and Co. is certainly being lived up to; their books really do "compel," and are obviously carefully chosen. Their list contains books which many publishers would not have had the courage to publish—unconventional, daring, outspoken, and fearless. They are among books what the Little Theatre plays are among the dead husks produced at popular theatres. We see that they are about to bring out a volume by Miss Katherine Mansfield called "In a German Pension." At this moment, when the indiscretion of a certain young man has brought about that very demonstration of anti-English feeling in Germany which the Press does its utmost to disguise, a series of snapshots of the daily life, manners, and habits of the German people will be vastly interesting to the untravelled Englishman. Mr. Tharall Smith's novel "The Woman Without Sin" will also shortly come into the list of "books that compel." We see from the preliminary summary of it that Mr. Tharall Smith has ventured upon very dangerous ground, and ground that has already been trodden by such writers as Miss Netta Syrett and others. He deals, that is to say, with the advanced idea that if the love of a man and a woman is sincere it is sinless, and the almost inevitable consequence should be fathered by the State. This is by no means a new theory, and has been exploited in fiction before. To our way of thinking it is a hopelessly stupid point of view, and one which would very quickly place a State, however rich, into bankruptcy. All the same, "The Woman Without Sin" is a book to note, because its author wields a strong and original pen. There is nothing new under the sun, except treatment and style.

We remember Mrs. Wilson Fox's "Hearts and Coronets" as a delightful story, and are therefore glad to see that Macmillan and Co. are to publish a new book from her pen. "The Baron's Heir" is more ambitious, and will have an historical flavour. Making the good Sir Thomas More the guardian of her hero, Mrs. Fox endeavours to paint a picture of More's family life, as well as of the domestic and social conditions of his time. She has not forgotten to provide her readers with excitement and romance, without which popularity is difficult to win. Macmillan and Co.'s list contains

a number of interesting American books for more or less immediate publication, among which we notice "Problems in Railway Regulation," which may perhaps provide useful hints to our much-worried railway directors; "The Conquest of Nerves," by Dr. J. W. Courtney, which might be studied with advantage by those of us who are handicapped with an artistic temperament; and a work on "The Mind of Primitive Man," by Professor Franz Boas, which will surely find its way into the hands of Mr. E. T. Reed, of *Punch*, whose delight in Prehistoric Peeps is contagious.

There is a new book in Stanley Paul and Co.'s list which promises exciting reading. It has a dull title, it is true. "Anomalies of the English Law" suggests a text-book, something over which the unwilling law-student will gape at night. When it is said, however, that its author, Mr. S. Beach Chester, Barrister, has written of Divorce, Royal Marriages, the "Unwritten Law," the Legitimation of Children, Will Fictions, Libel and Slander, Murder and Murder-cases, Perjury, Prostitution, and the Rapacity of some Lawyers, the term "sensational" which is applied to it by its publishers would seem to be justified. Mr. Chester has obviously been using his spare time to some purpose.

Earnest students of politics—we had almost said all lovers of their country—must look out for Mr. Erskine Childers' "The Framework of Home Rule," for which Mr. Edward Arnold is responsible. The book claims to supply not only a reasonable defence of Home Rule, but a practical, up-to-date guide to the proper settlement of the eternal question. Mr. Childers draws the history of Ireland alongside that of the lost American Colonies and the present self-governing Dominions, and attempts to prove that the same forms of misgovernment arising from similar conditions have always led to the same painful results, whose only remedy is Home Rule. We are glad to see that the author deals with the brighter side of Irish life as well.

It is not a little sad to learn that the lamented death of Lady Colin Campbell, whose charming personality and talents were for many years hidden owing to ill-health, has created a demand for a little book of hers called "A Book of the Running Brook and of Still Waters." It deserved to have won a much greater success during her lifetime. Many of the papers in it made their appearance in the *World*, for which Lady Colin wrote weekly for many years. Her "Woman's Walks" were infinitely better than mere journalism, and were illuminated with fancy, kindness, optimism, and a rare power of observation and humour. They were all written in violet ink on paper pleasant to the touch, and sent in with scrupulous punctuality.

IMPERIAL AND FOREIGN AFFAIRS

CHINA, YESTERDAY AND TO-MORROW

THREE thousand years ago, when the peoples who constitute to-day the civilised nations of the West were in an embryonic state of barbarism, to trace or determine which with any degree of accuracy would baffle the most skilled of modern ethnologists, China was basking under the beneficent influences of an enlightened Constitutional Monarchy. Science, literature, and the arts possessed their patrons and their disciples: the people, happy and prosperous, enjoyed a generous share in the national and local administration of their country; and the spirit of progressive democracy animated the life of the community. Little wonder was it, therefore, that her more powerful but less-favoured neighbours cast covetous eyes upon her fair territories, and sought to lay hands upon her ancient heritage. Invasion followed invasion across the centuries, and it was perhaps during a period of alien rule that the Constitutional Monarchy became

submerged in that form of Imperial autocracy with which historians are familiar, and to which the infant Emperor Pu-yi succeeded in the year 1908.

Until within the past five or six years a certain school among the present generation of critics regarded China as a nation tottering to its fall, whose patrimony had been squandered, whose energies had been spent, and on whom had descended the blight of senility. "Nothing," they cried, "can save her people from the sins of their fathers," and with calm assurance they waited the political absorption of an Empire that had anticipated the civilisations of Greece and Rome. One after another Western writers who enjoyed reputations for far-sighted wisdom lent the weight of their authority to this theory of pessimism, with the consequence that the world became instructed in the belief that, whatever might have been her past glories, China (now a land of effete institutions, corrupt administration, and barbarous practices) possessed neither the power nor the purpose necessary for bringing about national regeneration. On the other hand, the writings and teachings of missionaries and of such eminent sinologues as Robert Hart, Professor Giles, and Professor E. H. Parker made little impression outside a select circle of scholars and of those whose interests were bound up with the country. With few exceptions, the organs of Western journalism displayed an habitual apathy in regard to the progress of China's evolution, merely publishing information calculated to supply sensational headlines, and thus making no effort to correct the popular fallacy concerning the sad fate that was so swiftly overtaking the benighted people of the Middle Kingdom. From the year 1905 and onwards, however—a period which may be said to comprise the short life of the Constitutional movement in China—there has been brought about a complete revision of opinion, and the tendency to-day is rather to exaggerate the vital potentialities of her people than to commit them to the graves of their ancestors.

Whether or not the result of the present gigantic upheaval will mean, as some writers appear to think, the division of China into two portions, the one retaining monarchical institutions under the reigning dynasty, the other setting up the standard of republicanism, cannot affect the ultimate destiny of the people as a whole. I would go farther, and apply the dictum even were the country to be divided into three or four States. For when we consider the enormous extent of the Empire, together with the four hundred millions of its population, we must surely come to the conclusion that there is ample territory and ample material for the formation of a group of nations similar in the essentials of power and progress to those who divide between them the map of Europe to-day. Indeed, primary conditions would seem to favour such a partition, for, generally speaking, the Provinces possess economic independence, and, as far back as the mind can carry, have in a large measure enjoyed autonomous government. Only in the matter of language can the Chinese people be called heterogeneous, and this again would assist rather than hinder the process of separation. For the rest, in their ethical conceptions, their traditional customs, their mode of thought, their habits of industry and thrift, and in the life of the family and the community, they constitute the most homogeneous of peoples on the face of the globe, a fact which has rendered possible federation in the past and which would in the ultimate future facilitate common action against foreign aggression. Therefore, whatever may be the outcome of the present conflicting situation, fraught with danger as it is to the integrity of the Empire, we may dismiss from our minds entirely the idea of Chinese nationality passing into political servitude.

As an Empire China has suffered dearly in the past for the procrastination and lethargy of her rulers, and the full penalty has unquestionably yet to be paid. Recent history

shows that internal dissension has been the signal for foreign encroachment upon her territories; and it will be well—if, indeed, in one direction it is not already too late—for all parties to come to a speedy settlement of their differences. Their leaders should give serious heed to the fact that China's sovereignty in certain parts of the Empire is merely nominal—upheld, as it were, in tolerance by Powers who are firmly planted on her soil. At the present moment the nations of Europe are preoccupied in the West, where some of them have set an example and a precedent which may form a citable justification for a certain *coup de main* now contemplated in the Far East. When the anti-monarchical party embarked on a campaign of revolt against their rulers they may or may not have taken into consideration the probability that the territories which became incorporated in the Empire on the overthrow of the Ming dynasty would pass into alien hands. Whether or not they were prepared for so great a sacrifice in the furtherance of their aims, that sacrifice is inevitable, and must be expected in the immediate future. Any territorial aggression such as I have predicted will have a twofold result. On the one hand, it will add to the strategical responsibilities of the Powers concerned, while, on the other, it cannot fail in the case of China to assist in the process of consolidation. Although its immediate effect may be to stimulate the cause of the rebels, the lesson will be taken to heart by all parties in the land, and when finally China emerges from her troubles she will be found to have profited by the bitter experiences of that lesson.

At this crucial moment in the history of the nation the authority of Government has passed into the hands of one man. Yuan Shih-Kai, ignominiously sent into retirement nearly three years ago, has, at the abject request of the Regent, returned to the capital in order to restore tranquillity. No Chinese statesman has ever been confronted with so great a task, a task calling for all the highest qualities of statesmanship—courage, determination, and that power of detachment which comes from true political philosophy. Before deciding upon a clearly defined policy—and he must decide without delay—he will have to sift the inevitable from the probable and the probable from the impossible. Temporary expedients or experimental ventures can have no part in a line of action that is to restore the fallen fortunes of the country.

China's embarrassment arises not only from within but also from without. And in his efforts towards evolving order out of chaos, Yuan Shih-Kai cannot afford to ignore the fact accomplished or the fact about to be accomplished. His responsibility is heavy. Were he to make one false step in his conduct of foreign relations at the present time it would only lead to still further territorial alienation. Therefore he will be well advised if he refrain from the time-honoured policy of pitting one Power against another. Meanwhile, as I have implied, the world may look for important developments in the near future, developments which, although they will change the map of Eastern Asia, are not likely to bring about international complications.

MOTORING

WHATEVER may be the practical value of the discussion on the cost of motoring which is taking place in the columns of a popular daily contemporary, it has certainly served to demonstrate how widespread is the interest taken in the subject by the man in the street. Not so very long ago motoring was regarded as the exclusive pastime or sport of the plutocrat, whereas it is now beginning to be realised that its pleasures and advantages are well within the reach of that large section of the community indicated by the much-

quoted and elastic phrase—"the man of moderate means." As to the actual cost of motoring, the absurdity of attempting to give an accurate and categorical answer to such a question must be obvious to every one after a moment's consideration. Apart from such varying factors as the quality, horse-power, and weight of the car itself, the nature of the roads over which it will be run, and the mileage it will be required to cover in a given period—each of which has a separate and vitally important bearing on the question of cost—there remains the personal equation, which is as important as any. It has been proved over and over again that it is possible for one man to run a car at half the cost another man will incur in running the same car a similar distance and under similar conditions. Everything depends upon the degree of care, skill, and aptitude displayed by the driver himself. An indication of the wide margin that must be allowed for individual idiosyncrasies is furnished in the discussion referred to, one of the participants—doubtless basing his statement upon personal experience—declaring that no car will average more than fifteen miles to the gallon of petrol, and that it costs about five times as much to maintain one as was specified by the writer of the original article.

Some years ago a certain well-known firm of motor manufacturers, perceiving the advertising value of an assurance as to cost of upkeep, decided to guarantee to purchasers of their 10-12 h.p. cars that the inclusive cost of running would not exceed £50 per annum, provided the mileage did not exceed 6,000 miles—a quite reasonable figure for the average motorist. They soon found, however, that this policy would not pay, so they quietly dropped it. The car in question was a good one, and with competent and careful driving, accompanied with fairly good luck in the matter of tyres, there is no doubt that it could have been maintained for a pound a week, but the makers had omitted to make due allowance for the personal factor. To sum up, it is probably a fairly accurate statement of the position to say that the cost of motoring may be anything from £50 to £500 a year (for one car), entirely according to the requirements and circumstances of the particular case.

Rapidly as the car itself has improved during the last few years, the evolution of the motor-cycle has proceeded at a still more astonishing rate. Up to a couple of years ago the mechanically-propelled cycle was a veritable abomination in the eyes of all but a comparatively few enthusiasts—a noisy, ugly, and altogether offensive piece of mechanism which excited even more antagonism than the car in the public mind. In fact it had attained such a degree of unpopularity that it seemed destined to speedy extinction. All this is altered, however, and the modern, high-class machine is so drastically improved as to be almost entirely unobjectionable to the most fastidious hater of noise and ugliness. Weight has been cut down, the lines of design have been improved, engines have been rendered comparatively silent and far more efficient, and refinements of every kind have been introduced, making the modern motor-bicycle the ideal mode of locomotion for a very large section of the community—safe, rapid, and above all, economical. The latest improvements, of which there are very many, will be shown at the Olympia Exhibition of Cycles and Motor-Cycles, which will be held next week. Among the innovations are special ladies' models, detachable folding side-cars, new tandem-cars, spring footboards, puncture-preventing devices, non-heating plugs, and tyres which refuse to skid under the greatest provocations. Perhaps the most notable feature of the Show will be the exhibition of models designed expressly for the use of lady-riders. These are, of course, lighter in

construction than the ordinary machine, but are quite sufficiently powerful for the purpose. In view of the all-round improvements that have been effected, more particularly in the starting of the machines and their comparative silence, there is little doubt that motor-cycling for both sexes will be very largely in evidence in 1912.

In view of the fact that a certain firm of tyre manufacturers have introduced into their agreements with retailers a clause prohibiting the latter from keeping "sale or return" stocks of any other makes of tyres, the Committee of the Automobile Association and Motor Union have notified all their appointed agents and repairers throughout the country that they strongly disapprove of such agreements as being to all intents and purposes equivalent to the creation of "tied" houses. They feel that their members are entitled to an unrestricted choice of tyres in case of need. No doubt the hint will be taken by those who have not already committed themselves, as the official appointments of the A.A. and M.U. are not by any means valueless from a business point of view.

IN THE TEMPLE OF MAMMON

The City Editor will be pleased to answer all financial queries by return of post if correspondents enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Such queries must be sent to the City Offices, 15, Copthall Avenue, E.C.

THE public appears to have a very delicate appetite. It is soon satisfied. It takes a nibble at Home Rails, a nibble at Kaffirs, and then goes off its feed. Certainly it shows no signs of joining in any of the proposed booms. Probably a good deal more money was lost in rubber than we had any idea, and the shock that investors then received has not yet faded. Nevertheless, the Stock Exchange goes on gambling and marking up prices, being firmly convinced that the only way to entice the speculator is to offer him something at twice its value. The actual technical position of the markets is in favour of a rise. The rise and fall of securities is almost completely governed by the state of the market. When all the professionals are short of shares, as they now are in the Rubber, Kaffir, and Rhodesian markets, a rise appears inevitable, and consequently we have seen Malaccas over 10, Cam and Motor at 37s., and Modders 12½. But the bear account in the Home Railway market has gone. Thus every rise brings in any number of sellers, and this market ebbs and flows with persistent regularity. In the United States there are many students of finance who earn an honest if meagre income by calculating the chances of a rise against a fall and by preparing tables of prophecy. But the many factors that come along to upset such prophecies make such tables very unreliable.

It is always the dream of those who follow finance from the inside to discover the laws that rule gambling, just as it is the dream of the system maker of Monte Carlo. In neither case can any finality be reached. To-day should see a general rise, yet so powerful is the influence of fear that no one will buy. The Italian-Turkish War frightened us. Yet a certain number of people are subscribing to new issues, not perhaps readily, but more readily than some of the issues deserve. The North Coast Lands debenture does not appear particularly well secured, either as to principal or interest. The Grand Trunk 4 per cent. guaranteed went well amongst the shareholders of this railway, and it was absurd of the dealers to mark down the price of ordinary stock because the company wanted to borrow £1,250,000, for every penny of this money will be used in building the Grand Trunk Pacific, and as soon as this trans-continental line is complete Grand Trunk ordinary should be worth 50. However, a dealer in the Grand Trunk market

has probably less grasp of the potential value of the shares in which he deals than any other jobber in the House. The South Nigerian Loan offered a mild gamble to the gilt-edged market. But the agent for the Crown Colonies had a struggle to obtain his money. The prospectus of the Stratford-on-Avon Hydro is a very beautiful piece of printing, but whether it is anything further time alone will show. Perhaps the local people will have more confidence than the Londoner.

With reference to my paragraph last week about the Planet-Arcturus the Rhodesian magnates now apologise, and promise that they will never do anything wrong again. They intend to expunge the offending Article of Association, and we are informed that the directors of the Amalgamated Properties of Rhodesia will no longer issue shares *ad lib.*

MONEY.—Considering that we are rapidly approaching the end of the year, money remains remarkably abundant. But difficult as it is to find employment for cash there is no chance of the Bank Rate being reduced. The underlying position is, however, sound. The run on the National Penny Bank has ended, and the directors had no difficulty in pawning their securities and obtaining the necessary funds to pay out the depositors. A glance at the balance-sheet of this bank shows that the board is in the habit of borrowing money from the Bank of England. It would be more reassuring if the directors would tell us something about their investments. I have no doubt that they are what is called gilt-edged. But it is stated in the balance-sheet that they are taken "at cost," and nothing whatever is said about depreciation. Depreciation in gilt-edged securities has been very heavy, and if the bank has not provided for this it has committed a grave error of judgment.

CONSOLS.—After I had written last week that I did not think that there was the remotest chance of the suggestion that Consols should be redeemable at a fixed date being accepted, Mr. Frederick Huth Jackson spoke out very plainly on the matter. But he had no scheme to put forward, and although his speech was interesting it did not carry the discussion any further. The price of Consols is dependant upon the price of money. What we require is a steady security at a slightly better price than that now ruling. Could Consols be popularised we should attain our object, and why the scheme has been delayed for so long I cannot conceive.

FOREIGNERS.—Although Foreigners have kept wonderfully steady for the past six months, they are now beginning to show signs of weakness. Russians have eased off a little. Chinese grow weaker every day, and the tone throughout the market is dull. Turkish remain steady, but the position in Turkey is financially bad. The banks have all stopped making advances, and in a private letter from Smyrna received this week a manager of one of the banks states that he has sent his family away from the town, as he expects a massacre of the Christians. The East breeds rumours as the sun breeds flies; therefore one must accept such statements with a grain of salt. But it is a fact that the banks are only doing what they consider gilt-edged business. Every preparation is being made in the East to run the blockade of Tripoli and feed the Arabs with arms and ammunition. The Italians will probably find that the war will continue for an indefinite period, and were it not that the Italian Government buys all the stock that is offered Italians would look to be a good bear.

HOME RAILS.—The Home Railway market is quite the liveliest in the House, and on some days there is more business here than in all the other markets put together. But whenever there is any advance a certain amount of pawned stock comes out. As soon as all this stock has been absorbed we shall probably see a very important advance in values. Every week brings us nearer to the end of the year, and the time when the stocks will be full of dividend. The leading railways are the best purchase I can recommend at the moment, and I do not see how any one can lose money. Those who believe in a strike do not know the British railway man. He has got nearly all he wants, and he is hardly likely to strike at Christmas time to please the agitator. Not more than one-third of railway

men belong to the Union, although it must be admitted that this minority exercises immense influence over the majority.

YANKEES.—It is clear to everybody that the big houses make the market good only to sell. Whether they will succeed in unloading everything before the end of the year is perhaps doubtful, but we may be sure that there will be no boom in American Rails this side of Christmas. The market will, however, keep steady, for there are sufficient bears about to absorb a large proportion of the stock offered. There is nothing to go for in the Yankee market at the moment.

RUBBER.—The bears here have been buying back. The whole interest in the Rubber Market centres round Malaccas. As everyone knows, this share was pushed up to £15 during the boom, and many people got in even higher. Then it slumped away under rumours of serious mismanagement, and Mr. Malcolm Lyon went out to the East. Whilst there he obtained options on about 6,000 acres of estates. He arranged to purchase these estates by paying for them in shares at £15 apiece. But the vendors had a right to call for cash if Malaccas were below 15 on June 30th next. As far as I can gather, the price to be paid for the estates is about 50 per cent. more than they are worth, even taking them on the Sengat scale. The recent move in Malaccas has, of course, its *raison d'être* in this arrangement entered into by Mr. Malcolm Lyon. It would be ridiculous for any one to pay the present price for this share on dividend prospects. The report is now overdue. What the figures will show I do not know. No doubt 10 per cent. dividend will be paid; perhaps 15. But I am certain that the company cannot have earned more than 15 even if it has sold its rubber at the highest possible market price. The Baker Mason people are at the back of the deal, and it would therefore be very dangerous to sell a bear.

OIL.—Oil shares have been very dull all the week, and there is nothing new to report. As far as I can see, the bulls who got into Shells at the bottom are now taking their profit. There is some talk of Ural Caspians being pushed up. But the capital of this company is too large; although I hear well of the land.

KAFFIRS.—Kaffir shares have been supported, in spite of the various rumours with regard to some of the properties. Robinson Deep appear to have got out of their poor zone, and if the improvement continues here the dividend should be increased. These, with Village Deep, City Deep, and Wit Deep, appear the most likely purchases.

RHODESIANS.—The Rhodesian magnates must be quite pleased with the result of their deal in Cam and Motors, where the rise has been very big. Lonelys have been also pushed up, and it is probably the intention of the big houses to force all the shares up one after the other. To my mind Rho. Ex. appear the cheapest on the market. But it must be understood that all Rhodesian shares are merely a gamble.

MISCELLANEOUS.—The Omnibus dividend has not been announced as I write these lines, but the stock is strong and well supported. We have heard no more of the proposed competitor. It is probably waiting the result of the Omnibus report.

EGYPT.—The expected has happened, and the great house of Zervudachi has stopped payment. As the liabilities are over £3,100,000, and as the assets will probably hardly realise £2,000,000, some one will lose a clear million. This is really serious, and will prevent any improvement in Egyptian shares. Indeed, it is quite likely to accentuate the depression in the East. The firm made an offer to the creditors to pay 40 per cent. in cash, and it was not accepted, and last Friday saw the end of one of the greatest Greek houses in the East. Some of the sons married very wealthy women, and if the families are inclined to save the situation the creditors may come off better than they hope for at the moment. These great failures are serious, for they not only create a feeling of distrust, but their effects are far reaching. The Zervudachi family are interested in half the important companies in Egypt. The failure is attributed to the fall in cotton, combined with the desire of the firm to pose as company promoters.

RAYMOND RADCLYFFE.

CORRESPONDENCE

THE FUTURE OF THE LIBRARY

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—When I suggested in my article on the above subject, published by you on October 21st, that the circulating libraries might be compelled to raise their subscription rates, I did not expect that confirmation would follow so swiftly as it has done. On October 31st I received from the *Times* Book Club a notice to the following effect:—"The experience of the past five years and eight months during which the *Times* Book Club has been in operation has shown that it is impossible to continue the library service at the present inclusive charge of £3 18s. per annum for the *Times* newspaper and the Book Club combined. As a result of a very careful investigation of the cost of the library our auditors report that, to maintain a proper and efficient service, it is absolutely essential that the subscription for the combined service be increased by 12s. per annum."

Nothing could be more frank than this confession, although it is not the sort of confession which is likely to be made without the most painful necessity. Its effect is emphasised by the fact that the privileges granted by the Club have been curtailed in minor but significant directions (such as the abolition of free delivery), while the efficiency of the service has, in my experience at least, degenerated in a marked degree. Only recently I sent a list of nine books, and obtained immediate delivery of only one of them. With a single exception they were novels which had been in circulation for a month or two; they were all by writers who are "known," but not so popular that their books would be in overwhelming demand. This experience is not in any way exceptional, and it is not one for which the Book Club can be blamed. The increase in the subscription shows that the Club, in spite of its valuable association with the *Times*, and in spite of its large business in selling books and stationery, has been worked at a loss.

In fairness to the Book Club it may be suggested that the increase in the subscriptions and the curtailment of its privileges would not have occurred if the enterprise had been allowed to continue on its original lines. It was founded deliberately upon what I believe to be the true theory regarding the mass of fiction and general literature—that is to say, upon its ephemeral or serial character. Its intention was to purchase in large quantities, circulate with the utmost freedom during the short life which ninety-nine out of every hundred books enjoy, and then to clear the stock quickly at a low price. The publishers combined to crush that policy, but I doubt whether they have improved their trade by doing so. They acted, no doubt, on behalf of the bookseller, but the main channel for the distribution of fiction and general literature at six shillings and over is the library, not the shop.

If the Book Club policy had been allowed to survive and spread there might have been no need for the increase in subscription, which, as Mr. Bradley remarks in your issue of November 11th, is now imperative. I have been informed, on excellent authority, that other large circulating libraries will soon follow the example of the Book Club. When they do so I hope the change will enable them to offer a less arbitrary and narrow channel between the publisher and the public.—Yours faithfully,

A. G. W.

London, November 11th.

THE RAILWAY UNREST

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In spite of the fact that the Trade Unions were given a monopoly of representation, so far as the men were concerned, on the Royal Commission they are again threatening a general strike because the Report of the Commission was not to their liking.

The Report of the Royal Commission appointed to inquire into the Sheffield outrages in the 'sixties of last century said:—"The power of working, and consequently the value of a man's labour, varies in different individuals according to their skill, their strength, and their industry. The workmen who think it for their advantage to combine together in the disposal of their labour are no more justified in constraining any other workman who does not desire such association to combine with them—to bring his labour into common stock as it were, with theirs—than an association of capitalists in constraining an individual

capitalist to bring his capital into common stock with theirs; and it is the more important that the law should protect the non-unionist workman in his right freely to dispose of his labour as he thinks fit, because, standing alone, he is the less able to protect himself."

The Report of the Royal Commission just issued is in complete harmony with the Report of 1869, for in it the Commissioners say:—"Men have the right to determine their engagement by giving a lawful notice, but in the exercise of their freedom in this respect they should not, in our opinion, be permitted to incite or coerce by threats or any form of intimidation men who desire to give their labour." This is encouraging, for thus far we may claim that our country is—

A land of settled government,
A land of just and old renown,
Where Freedom slowly broadens down
From precedent to precedent.

And as the great majority of the workers are not members of Trade Unions it will so remain, if all who are opposed to tyranny will bestir themselves.

There is an object-lesson for us in the Australian Commonwealth, where the Trade Unions have obtained such influence that the Department of Home Affairs has just issued a circular, from which I quote the following:—

"Please note that the Minister has directed that absolute preference is to be given to Unionists; see that this is given effect to in any future engagement, and, in discharging any present men discharge the non-Unionists first.

"The Minister also desires at once to be furnished with a list of non-Unionists employed. Please make necessary inquiries and supply at once."

This should bring matters to an issue unless liberty in the Commonwealth is to be a thing of the past.

We are fortunately in no fear of the issue of such a circular from any Department of our Government, but there is among many of the Trade Unions in this country the same evil spirit that dictated the Australian circular, as is evident from the following:—

Mr. A. Bellamy, the President of the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants, in addressing the recent annual meeting of the Society at Carlisle, said they would use their organisation *illegally* if necessary to obtain their demands. While Mr. J. E. Williams, the Secretary of the Society, issues a "warning" to non-Union railway-workers that if they remain outside the Union they will no longer be considered "fit fellow-workers."

Surely these things will not be tolerated, and as a member of the Committee for Promoting the Formation of Societies of Free Workers I appeal to your readers for support for the Committee.

Full particulars of the movement may be obtained by applying to Mr. Mark H. Judge, Chairman, 7, Pall Mall, S.W.—I am, your obedient servant,

DYSART.

Buckminster Park, Grantham, November 15th, 1911.

REFORM

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Mr. Page Croft's letter to the Press re this Government's pledges has not received the attention due to it. In fact, under the present Babel, the best arguments go for nothing. As another writer (Lord Dunraven), in the *Nineteenth Century and After*, puts it, "all devices should be employed to harass a Government that ignores its pledges." Yet, however much an enemy may be harassed, he will never be overcome by mere skirmishing.

When is a thoroughly organised attack to be made upon the preposterous and disastrous charlatanism of this Government? As Mr. Page Croft's letter infers, it secured its powers by pledging reforms, and it can only be successfully defeated by knocking the very bottom out of its policy.

For instance, you must have repeal before you can have reform, and the first exposure of the Government's false position is to be found in the answer to the following question. What Act of Repeal constitutes the Government's ground of Reform? The answer, of course, is a Constitutional Act of Repeal. So far so good. The need for such a repeal must have a vast inference, in that it is significant of the existence of some constitutional anomaly. The ground of Reform, therefore, must be a Crown ground, or, in other words, a reform in the methods of taxation.

Now, if the basis of reform premeditated in the preamble was not a matter of supply—that is, of economic reform—What was it? Was it simply a matter of personal or ideal reform? No for had it been a matter of ideal reform, the Parliament Act—to wit, the destruction of the House of Lords—would not have been necessary. For, as I have argued with peculiar persistence, the Parliament Act, which is the objective of the preamble's subjective, is not a Constitutional objective—that is to say, it is not a source of Constitutional reform in that it is not an Act which limits supply (adjusts taxation), but an Act which gives increased powers to demand (abuses taxation).

Why, in commenting upon Mr. Page Croft's letter, did the *Westminster Gazette* ignore the real significance of it? Because the pledges contained in the preamble, which secured Liberal votes, cannot possibly be fulfilled apart from the repeal of the Government's own blundering Act. The very fact of this is patent. The Government desires autocratic sway, not Constitutional reform, and their autocratic methods of procedure substantiate it. Moreover, if this arrogance is not summarily checked it will land this country in an inextricable muddle.

Mr. Page Croft's letter is therefore of paramount importance, since it discovers the original falsity (the empiric nature of the preamble's pledges) of the Government's policy of reform. The very fact that the Government must repeal its own Act before any real redress of grievances can be instituted knocks the very bottom out of its professed means of economic adjustment.

How then, in the name of common sense, is the Unionist party going to institute reform if its primary Act of policy is to be merely an Act of particular instead of constitutional correction?

Neither party can move hand or foot in the matter of real reform until this iniquitous Act is repealed, no matter what artifice is used to avoid its repeal.

Time and increased forms of distress will corroborate my statement. It is no earthly use to shirk the real issue, because the leading spirits either cannot or will not understand it.—I am Sir, your obedient servant,

H. C. DANIEL.

Loughton, Cherry Hinton, Cambridge, Nov., 1911.

REDISTRIBUTION

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Will you kindly afford me the opportunity of replying to the letter, dated October 19th, which appeared in your columns from Mr. John Humphreys, the distinguished and energetic advocate of proportional representation?

It is possible the day may come when, owing to an utter breakdown of our present electoral system, the adoption of one of the numerous forms of proportional representation may be necessary; but I cannot help agreeing with the Royal Commission that no case has been made out for such a drastic change as yet. It would be necessary for three-cornered or four-cornered fights to become the rule and not the exception, as they are at present, and for many other serious inconveniences to arise before a case was made out for scrapping what is, taking it all round, a perfectly satisfactory and intelligible system in exchange for one that is, I fear, incomprehensible to ninety-nine-hundredths of the population.

That there are anomalies at the present time no one denies, but they can be easily dealt with and be got over by an intelligent redistribution on the lines of numerically equal electoral districts which would give "one vote one value" in the sense that it is popularly used—that an Irishman's vote should not count double an Englishman's, and so on, but just the same, no more, no less. I fail to see why Irish Members should always control the House of Commons by the possession of some forty seats or so to which their population no longer entitles them, and the time is fully ripe for putting these gentlemen on the same footing in the Imperial Parliament as their fellow-countrymen from England, Scotland, and Wales.

To bring this into the realm of practical politics means, in the first place, strenuous education, for there are one or two formidable obstacles; but it is probably not so difficult as many good people imagine. But why, it may be asked, is it particularly urgent just now? For the very sufficient reason that it is intended, if possible, to smuggle Home Rule through Parliament without giving the predominant (and paying) partner—in fact, the one most vitally concerned—a chance of saying whether she wants it or not. For nobody really and honestly believes that Home Rule was properly before the country at the last General Election in the sense that this is always understood, and I am

sorry that Mr. Asquith, so much respected on both sides of the House, seems inclined to father this "sort of" half-truth, this political *façon-de-parler*. The Blank Cheque theory may cover a multitude of sins, but it can hardly be held to include a measure that would dismember the United Kingdom, with the prospect of starting a Civil War thrown in, without giving the predominant partner, on whose shoulders the chief burden would fall, even the chance of deciding for or against. It is a little difficult to look upon the momentous issue of Home Rule as a sort of consequential amendment to the Veto Bill.

An appeal to the country before Home Rule becomes law is no more than common justice or common political decency demands, and for that appeal England should be first equipped with her legitimate and correct proportion of seats. The year 1913 might very well be devoted to fixing all this up.—Believe me, yours truly,

CLIVE MORRISON BELL.

88, St. James' Street, S.W.

ITALY AND ENGLAND

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I lately read casually the protest made by Italian journalists against the present attitude of the English Press towards Italy. I daresay before long the truth concerning the woeful massacre of Arab unarmed men and helpless women and children will prevail, and I am by no means sure these Italian representatives will have cause to regard their covert threats with satisfaction. Thirty-nine years ago this month is the anniversary of the outrageous thumbscrewing inflicted on me by Royal Carabinieri near Naples, and these very newspapers now lamenting the deplorable estrangement of our respective countries then had nothing to say or object to in my maltreatment A.D. 1872. I wonder the *Tribune* has so short a memory, as formerly it headed the list of Italian journals which gloried in any defeat of English arms during the Boer war. I refer these Italians to their own conduct during the Egyptian war in 1882 against Arabi.

I will remind them of the following lines written by a witty countryman of theirs in London, who was thoroughly ashamed of Italy's "petty greed" and "smarling jealousy":—

Fu l'amica della Francia,
Solamente per la mancia.
Poi fedele al suo mestiere,
Si è venduta al Cancelliere.
Sia Francese, sia Tedesco,
Chi in lei s'affida stà fresco.

Anglophobia in Italy is nothing new. "H. B. B." wrote of it in the *Times*, September 14th, 1882, a letter very descriptive of the atrocious caricatures which were our sole reward for helping on the freedom and unity of Italy.

Crime in Sicily and other parts of southern Italy, to say little of cruelty to animals spread throughout all Italy, are quite enough for Italian journalists to deal with, and they leave us undismayed by the arrow idly discharged at England, predicting danger to a friendship only more or less well expressed by the empty word "*traditional*."

Italy's chosen allies appear more outspoken than we are, hence let Italians first turn their outcries to silence Austria and Germany.

Dr. Agostino Bertani on May 30th, 1877, delivered a remonstrance (foreseeing these events) in the Chamber of Deputies, Rome, when my case fell on inattentive ears. Let Italians refer to his fulminations.

WILLIAM MERCER.

East Challow, Wantage, November 8th, 1911.

"WIND" OR "WYND"?

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—A local writer says incidentally that in poetry "wind" is pronounced "wynd." When I was at school in England in 1868 I was specially cautioned against this, and I should be glad if you could inform me what the English practice now is. There is no journal here I could appeal to on such a subject, or I would not trouble you.—I am, &c.,

W. F. HOWLETT.

Tane, Ghetahuna, New Zealand.

September 27th, 1911.

[The English practice in this matter is not invariable, but, as a rule, the long *i* is preferred.—ED. ACADEMY.]

"THE QUALITY OF MERCY IS NOT STRAINED"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I have tried in vain for years to find some expert who can explain the phrase of Portia ("Merchant of Venice," Act IV.), "The quality of mercy is not strained." What is the sort of straining here negatived? Does "is not" mean "ought not to be"? In some way or other I presume that the phrase affirms a spontaneous character when it is dispensed as it ought to be; but a more exact translation of the words would be a boon.

How has the phrase been read by German and French translators?—I remain, Sir, yours truly,

EDWARD CUTLER.

Junior Carlton Club.

BOOKS RECEIVED

MISCELLANEOUS

- Le Monde des Esprits: Pneumatologie Traditionnelle et Scientifique.* By Irmin Sylvan. H. Daragon, Paris. 3f. 50c.
- A Year of Strangers.* By Yoi Pawlowska. With Frontispiece. Duckworth and Co. 5s. net.
- Bacon's Secret Disclosed in Contemporary Books.* By Granville C. Cunningham. Illustrated. Gay and Hancock. 3s. 6d. net.
- The Man-made World, or Our Androcentric Culture.* By Charlotte Perkins Gilman. T. Fisher Unwin. 4s. 6d. net.
- Four Months Afoot in Spain.* By Harry A. Franck. Illustrated. T. Fisher Unwin. 8s. 6d. net.
- Through India and Burmah with Pen and Brush.* By A. Hugh Fisher. Illustrated. T. Werner Laurie. 15s. net.
- Handbook of the Southern Nigeria Survey, and Text-book of Topographical Surveying in Tropical Africa.* By Major F. G. Guggisberg, C.M.G., R.E. With Illustrations, Maps, and Plans. W. and A. K. Johnston. 3s. 6d.
- Poets and Poetry. Being Articles Reprinted from the Literary Supplement of "The Times."* By John Bailey. Henry Frowde. 5s. net.
- Myths and Legends of the Celtic Race.* By T. W. Rolleston. Illustrated. George G. Harrap and Co. 7s. 6d. net.
- The Wonders of Ireland, and Other Papers on Irish Subjects.* By P. W. Joyce, LL.D. Portrait Frontispiece. Longmans, Green and Co. 2s. 6d. net.
- Two Plays: Harvest, The Olancry Name.* By Lennox Robinson. Portrait Frontispiece. Maunsell and Co., Dublin. 2s. 6d. net.
- Siegfried and the Twilight of the Gods.* By Richard Wagner. With Illustrations by Arthur Rackham. Wm. Heinemann. 15s. net.
- Musical Composition: A Short Treatise for Students.* By Charles Villiers Stanford. Macmillan and Co. 3s. 6d. net.
- The Soul of the Far East.* By Percival Lowell. New Illustrated Edition. Macmillan and Co. 7s. net.
- Islands of Enchantment: Many-sided Melanesia.* Seen through Many Eyes and Recorded by Florence Coombe. Illustrated. Macmillan and Co. 12s. net.
- Laughter: An Essay on the Meaning of the Comic.* By Henri Bergson. Authorised Translation by Cloudeley Brereton and Fred Rothwell. Macmillan and Co. 3s. 6d. net.
- The Enzyme Treatment of Cancer and its Scientific Basis.* By John Beard, D.Sc. Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d. net.
- On Maeterlinck: or Notes on the Study of Symbols, with Special Reference to "The Blue Bird." To which is added an Exposition of "The Sightless."* By Henry Rose. A. C. Fifield. 1s. net.
- Children at Play, and Other Sketches.* By Rose M. Bradley. Smith, Elder and Co. 6s. net.
- Nigeria.* By E. D. Morel. Illustrated. Smith, Elder and Co. 10s. 6d. net.
- The "Dreadnought" of the Darling.* By C. E. W. Bean. Illustrated. Alston Rivers. 5s. net.
- Mormonism as it is To-day: Some Striking Revelations.* By the Rev. M. A. Sbresny. Arthur H. Stockwell. 1s. net.
- Pixie Pool: A Mirage of Deeps and Shallows.* By Edmund Vale. Illustrated by E. R. Herrmann. W. Heffer and Sons, Cambridge. 2s. net.
- A Woman's Winter in South America.* By Charlotte Cameron. Illustrated. Stanley Paul and Co. 6s. net.
- The Indian Monetary Problems.* By S. K. Sarma. The Law Printing House, Madras.

The Metaphysical Rudiments of Liberalism. By David Irvine. Watts and Co. 5s. net.

Marriage Making and Breaking. By Charles Tibbits, B.A., With an Introductory Note by Alfred Chichele Plowden. Stanley Paul and Co. 2s. 6d. net.

Scottish Life and Character in Anecdote and Story. By William Harvey, F.S.A. Scot. Illustrated. Eneas Mackay, Stirling. 5s. net.

The Magic Flute (Die Zauberflöte). Translated from the German by E. J. Dent. W. Heffer and Sons, Cambridge. 1s. net.

Mozart's Opera "The Magic Flute," its History and Interpretation. By E. J. Dent. W. Heffer and Sons, Cambridge. 1s. net.

My Musical Pilgrimage: An Unconventional Survey of Music and Musicians. By Harry Burgess. With Autograph Portraits. Simpkin and Co. 3s. 6d. net.

Two Hundred Opera Plots. By Gladys Davidson. Two Vols. Illustrated. T. Werner Laurie. 3s. 6d. net each.

Underground Jerusalem: Discoveries on the Hill of Ophel, 1909-11. By H. V., of the Ecole Biblique et Archéologique in Jerusalem. Illustrated. Horace Cox. 7s. 6s. net.

In the Light of Theosophy. By a Fellow of the Theosophical Society. Percy Lund, Humphries and Co. 1s. 6d.

Canterbury Cathedral. (Tourist Cathedral Series.) By S. Hurst Seager. Illustrated. Simpkin and Co. 1s. 6d.

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND MEMOIRS

Les Origines Diplomatiques de la Guerre de 1870-1871. Recueil de Documents publié par le Ministère des Affaires Etrangères. Tome IV. 1er Août 1864—5 Novembre 1864. Gustave Fricker, Paris.

Michael Angelo Buonarrotti. By Charles Holroyd. With Translations of the Life of the Master by his Scholar, Ascanio Condivi, and Three Dialogues from the Portuguese by Francisco d'Ollanda. Illustrated. Duckworth and Co. 5s. net.

The Painters of the School of Ferrara. By Edmund G. Gardner, M.A. Illustrated. Duckworth and Co. 5s. net.

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The Vicissitudes of a Lady-in-Waiting, 1735-1821. By Eugène Welvert. Translated by Lilian O'Neill. Illustrated. John Lane. 12s. 6d. net.

Salvador of the Twentieth Century. By Percy F. Martin, F.R.G.S. Illustrated. Edward Arnold. 15s. net.

The Creed of Half Japan: Historical Sketches of Japanese Buddhism. By Arthur Lloyd, M.A. Smith, Elder and Co. 7s. 6d. net.

In Northern Mists: Arctic Exploration in Early Times. By Fridtjof Nansen, G.C.V.O., D.Sc., D.C.L. Translated by Arthur G. Chater. Two Vols. Illustrated. Wm. Heinemann. 30s. net.

The Life and Letters of Laurence Sterne. By Lewis Melville. Two Vols. Illustrated. Stanley Paul and Co. 28s. net.

The Beloved Princess: Princess Charlotte of Wales, the Lonely Daughter of a Lonely Queen. By Charles E. Pearce. Illustrated. Stanley Paul and Co. 16s. net.

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The Revenues of the Wicked. By Walter Raymond. J. M. Dent and Sons. 6s.

Moonsend. By Rosalind Murray. Sidgwick and Jackson. 3s. 6d.

The Dragon of Wessex: A Story of the Days of Alfred. By Percy Dearmer. With Maps by C. O. Skilbeck. A. R. Mowbray and Co. 3s. 6d. net.

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The Pageant of the Bruce. By Sir George Douglas, Bart. James MacLehose and Sons, Glasgow.

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The Religious Experience of Saint Paul. By Percy Gardner, Litt.D., F.B.A. Williams and Norgate. 5s. net.

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Macaulay's Essay on Addison. Edited, with Notes, by A. R. Weekes, M.A. W. B. Clive, University Tutorial Press. 2s.

Petite Contes Populaires. Adapted and Edited, with Exercises, by F. B. Kirkman. Illustrated. A. and C. Black. 8d.

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Roses of Martyrdom: Stories of the "Noble Army of Martyrs" for Children. By C. M. Cresswell. With Illustrations in Colour. A. R. Mowbray and Co. 2s. 6d. net.

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PERIODICALS

Fortnightly Review; The Conservator, Philadelphia; Cambridge University Reporter; Antiquary; The Author; Empire Review; Book Monthly; The Vineyard; Harper's Monthly Magazine; Wednesday Review, Trichinopoly; Publishers' Circular; Bookseller; Land Union Journal; The Century Magazine; Revue Bleue; Revue Critique d'Histoire et de Littérature; Feuilles d'Histoire du XVIIe. au XXe. Siècle; Mercure de France; Deutsche Rundschau; Golden Sunbeams; R.P.A. Annual; London University Gazette; University Correspondent; Literary Digest, N.Y.; School World; The Periodical; The Papyrus; American Historical Review; St. George's Magazine; St. Nicholas; Home Notes; United Empire; Transactions and Proceedings of the Japan Society; The Collegian, Calcutta; Hindustan Review; La Grande Revue; Tourist Magazine; The Bibelot.

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